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AUG. 25, 1947

New Republic

AUG 21 1947

HENRY WALLACE
This Summer's Vacation

AFTER THESE RICHES—
Report from the
Midwest Wheatbowl

NEW MOUNTAIN MUSIC
The Symphony
Hits the Road

THE ROOSEVELT STORY

It can be said categorically...the greatest film of the year. But Roosevelt...does not deserve the punishment of vulgarization.

—from a review by Robert L. Hatch, p. 38-39

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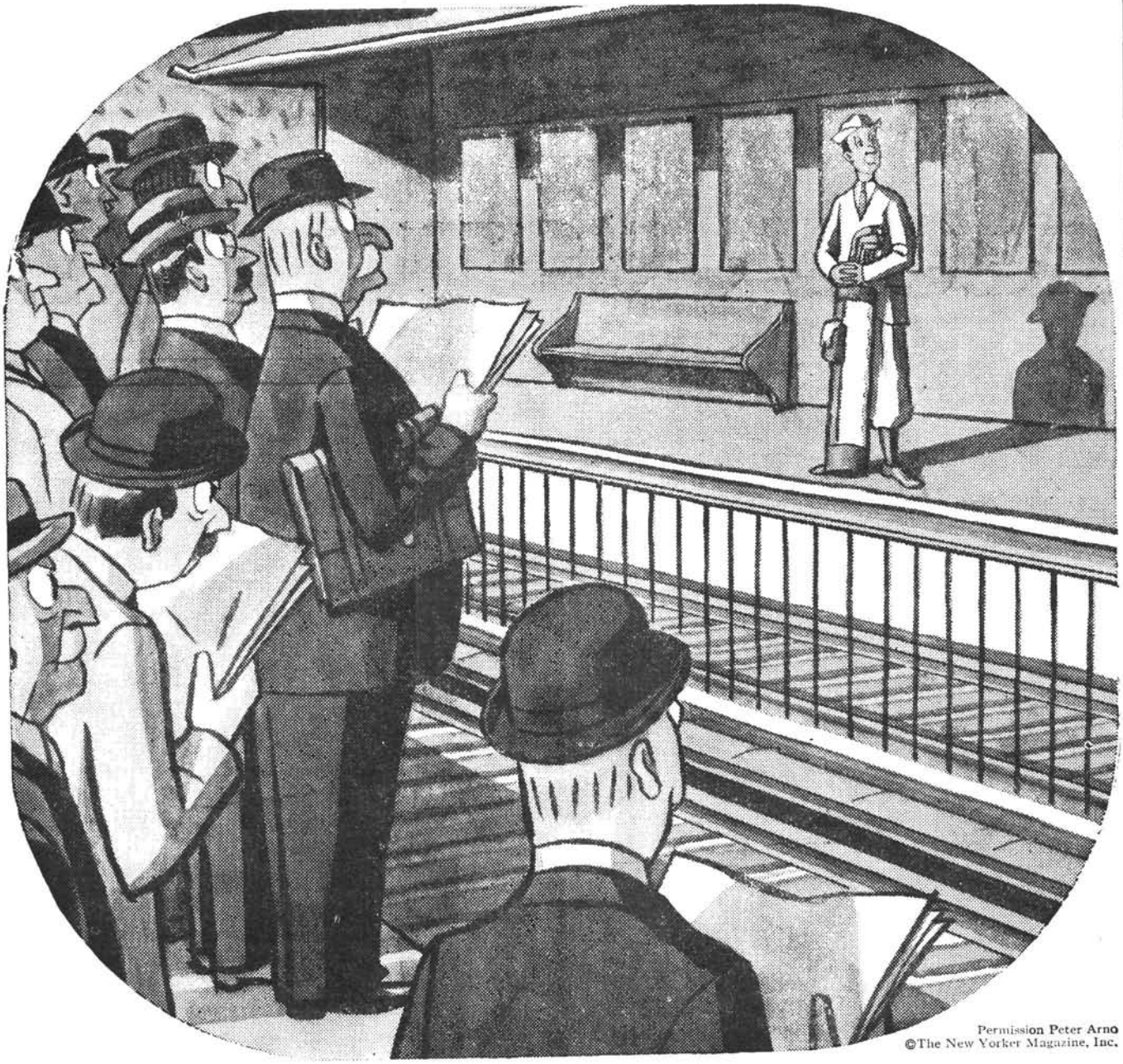

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New Republic

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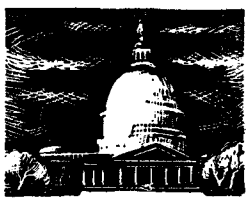
Washington Wire

Democrats Look West

DEMOCRATIC strategy for the re-election of President Truman is aimed primarily at carrying the far Western states. That is one reason why Messrs. Hannegan and Sullivan, as well as President Truman, want the Democratic National Convention next year to be held on the Pacific Coast.

The Democrats will have a considerable amount of ammunition to use against the GOP in the West, but whether it will be enough to carry such states as Wyoming and California, to say nothing of Oregon, is open to question. The over-all strategy, in fact, is questionable because it involves conceding defeat in such important states as Ohio and Pennsylvania, and possibly even the state of New York.



It is a fact, which the West should, but does not always recognize, that the Republican Party is the party of Eastern big business. It might be possible to drive that fact home except that the Democratic Party too often acts like its Republican opposition. Only a few days ago, in the great East-West fight of the Kaiser interests against US Steel, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation ruled against Kaiser and his attempt to reduce the mortgage on his Fontana Steel plant.

Apparently Jesse Jones's hatred of Kaiser has not been forgotten by the Jones boys still in RFC. Neither will the West forget that the RFC decision was a ruling against the West in its attempt to build its own steel mills and free itself from control by the East.

President Truman likewise is looking to the West for a running mate, and most certainly has his eyes on Governor Mon Wallgren of Washington, an old Senate colleague.

The Democratic leaders believe that the South, with its 138 electoral votes, is safe for Truman. They think the eight Western states of California, Idaho, Washington, Montana, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Wyoming, with a total of 56 electoral votes, are essential, and a great fight will be made to win them.

The third group of necessary states consists of Missouri, Illinois, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maryland, with a total of 82 votes.

With these three groups, the Democrats would have a total of 276 electoral votes, 10 more than are necessary for victory. The margin is admittedly close, but there always is the possibility that New York may decide it has had enough of Governor Dewey.

ROBERT A. LOVETT, the Acting Secretary of State, called in all the key people in the State Department the other day and told them they had been talking too freely with newspapermen. Lovett himself is one of the most inaccessible and cautious men in the government. He does not like publicity of any kind. His press conferences, which he holds when Marshall is away, are almost as dull and unproductive as President Truman's.

A tightening of control over news sources began with the war and it has relaxed very little since the war ended. Lovett's lecture was hardly necessary. A few days before the lecture was given, a reporter asked an administrative office in the department for the number of State Department employees. He was told he would have to get clearance first from the department's information office. It is an old, annoying trick, used all over the lot these days, to slow down reporters and discourage them from working on anything but handouts.

COME next January, when the Senate must decide whether to continue its War Investigating Committee under the chairmanship of the re-

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doubtable Senator Owen D. Brewster (R, Maine), there's going to be enough political talk to fill the papers for weeks.

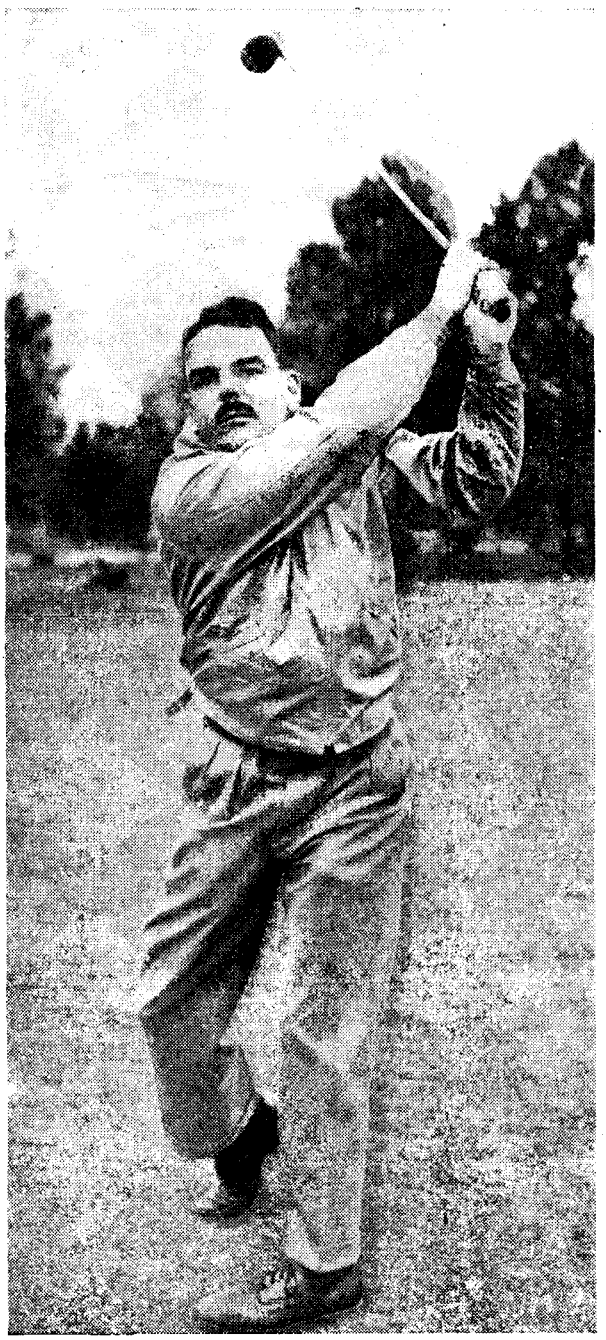
When it was known last January that Brewster would be chairman, a rough fight was made, with some Republicans participating, to end the committee's life.

That little affair will be nothing compared with the fight scheduled for next January. And Senator Brewster, who has thought of himself as a presidential or at least vice-presidential possibility (why not? Truman went to the White House from the same committee chairmanship), is going to see the wind taken right out of his sails.

Watch the Republican leadership find some good excuse to join the Democrats in burying the committee. The chairman is the big liability.

NOTES. – During the hottest week of the Washington summer, the Democratic National Committee began its news letter: "In Washington the air is fresher this week." It meant that the Brewster-Ferguson show was closed for the summer. . . . The committee apparently doesn't know that British diplomats in Washington draw "tropical pay" during half the year.

Washington T. R. B.



Portrait of Dewey from Acme

Portrait of Taft from Press Association

TWO DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN GOLFERS KEEP THE OLE EYE ON THE BALL.

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New Republic

VOLUME 117, NUMBER 8, ISSUE 1708, NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 25, 1947

News in Focus

For the Record

At midnight, Thursday, August 14, 1947, one-fifth of the human beings on this planet obtained political freedom.

Free Enterprise

The man who answered the telephone at the Greek Consulate in New York said not to pay any attention to anything that appeared in the Greek-American *Tribune,* that it was a Communist sheet and therefore untrustworthy. Nonetheless, the *Tribune* gets an assist for first calling attention to the doings of the Pan American Clearing Corporation, which seems about to conclude a unique contract with the Greek government that rivals the monopoly contracts of the old East India Trading Company. United Fruit Company agreements with Latin American republics pale by comparison.

Our informant on the subject of Pan American is Wray Fleming, a 31-year-old lawyer, who is president of the corporation. Fleming, however, says the big wheel really is Don Luis de Bourbon, a self-styled son of the former King Alfonso XII of Spain and "one of the ladies of the Spanish court." Don Luis himself is in Greece, nudging Greek officials to sign his remarkable contract, and Fleming says it should be signed this month.

The contract provides that Pan American shall be granted virtual extra-territorial status in Greece, and that it shall be recognized as the Greek government's sole financial and supply agent.

Pan American will be allowed to import construction equipment and raw materials duty free, to bring in unlimited numbers of personnel, who also shall enjoy extra-legal status, to purchase real estate for housing such personnel and for other purposes, to print and distribute newspapers throughout Greece, and to be free from any Greek labor laws or Greek union regulations that conflict with the US (Taft-Hartley) labor laws or the laws of New York State. Greece also would waive taxes on Pan American properties and would extend the waiver in perpetuity.

In return for all this Pan American would build roads, bridges and harbors for the Greek government, financing its activities from a $100 million bond issue to be floated in the United States. And there is a very cute gimmick to the financing. Pan American plans to issue "dollar purchasing checks" to Greek municipalities and merchants at the prevailing rate of exchange for the drachma, and the Greeks are expected to turn these back to Pan American in return for services rendered—thus in effect to control coinage.

Our informant, Fleming, said Don Luis was keeping secret the identity of his backers beyond permitting it to be known that they were "a group of very influential New York bankers."

Here is the *NR* dossier on Pan American's Don Luis de Bourbon. In 1923 he organized the World Clearance Association for the "economic rehabilitation of Europe." He claimed the association had syndicates in six European countries. Once he announced it had concluded an international trade agreement with Turkey, a claim never confirmed by the State Department. At the time, Don Luis refused to divulge the names of his backers, saying they were "powerful New York financiers."

In the same year, Don Luis denounced the League of Nations before a Senate Agriculture Committee, and "spoke in highest terms of praise of Premier Mussolini of Italy" (New York *Sun*).

In 1928, Don Luis was expelled from Hungary for allegedly trying to borrow $1,500 from a porter. And in 1935 he turned up in Ethiopia offering a loan to Haile Selassie in return for "concessions." But Don Luis soon departed with the observation that the Emperor was "charming but lacking money."

The Greek-American *Tribune* thinks this deal between Pan American and the Greek government would be "capitalistic exploitation" of Greece.

Steel "Conspiracy"?

From two sides of the country, trouble struck the steel industry. In Washington, the Federal Trade Commission charged the American Iron and Steel Institute, its members, officers and directors, with price fixing and conspiracy to kill competition, and set September 19 as the opening date for a hearing. Corporations named by the commission included US Steel and eight of its subsidiaries, Bethlehem Steel and three of its subsidiaries, and other major producers.

On the West Coast, Henry Kaiser, irate because the RFC rejected his plea for an $85 million price reduction on his Fontana steel plant, drummed up public support for a congressional investigation. Since US Steel had been permitted to buy the government-owned plant at Geneva, Utah, for less than one-fifth of the construction cost, Kaiser couldn't see why the RFC insisted on his paying the full cost of $123 million for his Fontana works (see the *NR,* May 26, 1947).

Because the RFC decision meant that Western steel users would continue to pay higher prices than Eastern buyers,

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The Story of a Kansas Coöp

COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS (*NR* correspondent).—Midwestern coops kicked off an organizing drive last week. A 100-car trainload of lubricating oil rolled on Saturday, August 16, out of the refinery here of the Consumers' Coöperative Association, a wholesale coöp which supplies petroleum products, groceries, feed, appliances and farm machinery to more than 1,000 local coöps in Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Iowa, North and South Dakota. The train was pasted with banners reading: "Beat the price spiral—join a coöp today."

The growing price tension is a natural opportunity for coöps which turn their margins or savings back to consumers. The spectacular growth of the midwestern petroleum coöps began in the late twenties. In those days, farms were beginning to mechanize, but prices of 27 cents a gallon for gasoline were making tractor farming a losing proposition. Local coöps scattered through the state were small and loosely knit.

In 1929, six of the coöps managed to raise $3,000 capital and formed the Consumers' Coöperative Association with the idea of buying oil and gas for themselves at wholesale. By 1937 their savings were so large they were able to buy a refinery. With the savings they began buying oil wells.

The association now owns more than 700 producing wells, a pipe line, three refineries and part of a fourth. Its dollar volume this year is expected to reach $40 million, of which nearly $3 million will be profits, refunded to members. Howard A. Cowden, the association's president, believes its dollar volume will reach $100 million by 1951.

An ironic aspect of all this is that much of the recent upswing of interest in coöps can be attributed to the large-scale propaganda effort of the National Tax Equality Association, a big business pressure-and-publicity outfit which is to the coöps what the NAM is to labor. One of the worst headaches of the consumer coöps has been the fact that the daily newspapers have always buried them among the want ads. The NTEA has changed all this by precipitating a controversy over the tax status of cooperative business. The result has been to drag out of obscurity a movement which may yet become as important to the economic stability of this country as it is in Sweden and England.

the Western Steel Council came around to backing Kaiser. Chambers of commerce and industrial groups in 11 Western states then followed suit.

Up, Up and Up

LATEST reports of the Bureau of Labor Statistics show that the consumers' price index (cost of living) hit a new high on June 15—157.1 (1935-39: 100). It hit 156.3 in mid-March and then went down a little. But now it's headed up again, at the rate of 25 percent a year. By a coincidence, which GOP politicians must regard as unfortunate, the Department of Commerce announced simultaneously that corporate dividends went up 16 percent in the second quarter of 1947. Some went up as much as 47 percent.

These figures could not be dropped into the already roiled waters of the US economy without a considerable splash. Congressmen, labor unions, industrialists and farm groups all rushed into print saying: "It's him, not me." The NAM blamed the whole thing on wage increases and strikes.

Emil Rieve, head of the CIO's Full-Employment Committee, said that price increases were far more than were needed to absorb wage and other increases, that wage increases had followed price increases and that real wages were going steadily down. Corporate profits were running four and a half times over prewar years and 70 percent above the 1943 wartime peak. He gave as the reason, irresponsibility and greed in leading corporations backed by monopolistic practices. He cited the conservative magazine *Business Week* as saying on August 2: "When demand fell off, producers used to mark down prices in an effort to stimulate buying. Today output is cut to support prices."

Rieve's solution: "We urge that the Republican leaders and the President agree immediately upon the reconvening of the Congress to meet these inflationary threats to our economic security by enacting legislation permitting the establishment of price and rationing controls on speculative commodities."

The Republicans who killed OPA with promises of great production and lower costs (production since: up 10 percent; wholesale prices, 30 percent), could think of nothing to do except organize congressional hearings which will soon get under way in some 20 cities. But many thought it was just a chance to let people blow off steam. Said Rieve: "Is this an investigation to forestall action?"

The Democrats, whose presidential plea to business to hold the price line had been ignored, made a move which could have concrete results. It is ABC that prices are higher than freely operating economic forces require and that this situation can exist only through monopoly or collusion. Last week the President sent his Attorney General out to bust up the poker game, with instructions to drag malefactors off to jail, not just allow them to pay fines with a small percentage of their winnings. But bigger men than Truman have indulged in this kind of big anti-trust talk without much result.

Teamsters in Politics

SAN FRANCISCO (*NR* correspondent).—Three thousand officers and delegates of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America held their fifteenth convention here this week. Dan Tobin, who has been running the show for 40 of his 72 years, ran it again this time, presiding over the assemblage of thick-shouldered men in the Civic Auditorium with the confident bossiness of a stern papa at his own dinner table.

Although the boss of 800,000 teamsters ($30,000 a year from a treasury of $17 million) spent some time lambasting Harry Bridges and his International Longshoremen and Warehousemen, there were plenty of signs at the sessions of the convention that

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the teamsters were being forced by circumstances to look to coöperation with other unions for political action.

For one thing, Tobin said the American labor movement might become the basis of a third political party with a potential strength of 37 million. This could come, however, he told his listeners, only after labor's "house was unified."

"For years, ever since the days of Samuel Gompers," he said, "I have been against a third party. I may change my mind, but there is no hope for a third party until the labor movement is cemented into one."

Condiments

EMERGING from a White House call last week, Senator Claude Pepper (D, Fla.) praised President Truman at length and declared:

"He's the Salt of the Earth."

A veteran Washington newsman observed dryly:

"Looks as though the Senator is trying to line up a Salt and Pepper ticket for 1948."

Whose "Voice"?

ESTABLISHED to give the people of other nations a "full and fair picture" of life in this country, the State Department's Voice of America seemed to be wandering from the beam. Last week, for example, the Voice of America became the voice of Ferenc Nagy, exiled ex-premier of Hungary.

With permission from State Department policy-making officers, Nagy made two broadcasts beamed to Hungary in which he denounced the present Budapest government, still headed by a representative of Nagy's own Smallholders Party. He called on Hungarians to boycott national elections on August 31 and to fight "international communism." The hint that Nagy hoped eventually to inspire an uprising against the Hungarian government was barely veiled.

Washington observers wondered how far the Spanish Republican government-in-exile would get in asking for similar privileges.

The Dollar Triumphs

BRITISH AND US delegates began hush-hush talks in Washington on methods of increasing the output of Ruhr coal, which once was the fuel of German militarism and now is desperately needed to get Europe's peacetime economy working. After a week of conferences it seemed that the British would be forced to scrap their plan to socialize the Ruhr coal in order to get the US dollars they need to bolster up their own failing economy.

Originally, the US delegates, headed by Assistant Secretary of State Willard L. Thorp, Secretary of War Kenneth C. Royall and Major General William H. Draper Jr., wanted to limit the talks to technical problems. The main one was boosting the Ruhr's daily coal production to 300-350 thousand tons from the present 220-230 thousand (prewar average, 400-440 thousand). But during the first sessions US delegates yielded to Sir William Strang's insistence that the discussion cover "any problem which bears directly on coal production in the Ruhr." This meant taking up food rations, housing, transportation, incentives to miners and new equipment for the mines.

The US agreed to widen the discussions, it was understood, in exchange for a major political concession by the British, namely, that they would agree to delay discussion of the socialization of the Ruhr's mines and industries. Thereafter, in public statements, both sides gave the subject of socialization a wide berth.

The British agreement to postpone this fundamental issue may be the most important decision of the conference,

16—3 THE DAILY TIMES HERALD, DALLAS SUN., AUG. 10, 1947

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especially in view of the Soviet thesis that the US wants to enthrone the inheritors of the Krupps, now in a Nuremberg jail awaiting trial as war criminals, who for generations were the uncrowned kings of Germany's war arsenal.

Such a concession may be difficult to explain to the supporters of the Attlee government at home and also to the German Social Democrats whom the British government back in their occupation zone. Almost inevitably, the British government will have to justify itself on the ground that it had no alternative—that it had to give up socialization in the Ruhr in return for expanded US help.

In short, the British appeared to have made a substantial ideological down-payment for the American dollars they expect to get under the Marshall Plan.

Look Who's Talking

ACCORDING to the Berlin daily *Vorwarts*, an appeal signed by 500 delegates of Ruhr miners has been sent to the delegates to the coal conference (see above).

The "appeal" states that no raising of coal production need be envisaged unless (1) the Ruhr remains the center of German economy; (2) the mines are placed under the trusteeship of the Land Nordrhein-Westphalia pending the establishment of a unified Germany; (3) the miners are fully and exactly informed as to the final disposition of the coal they produce, this coal to be used primarily for the re-establishment of German industry and transport and the heating of German homes; (4) miners have full voting power in a democratic German mining organization; (5) food rations of not only miners but their families are improved by a radical change in the food rationing system in all of Germany.

"All attempts once again to place the Ruhr under German or international monopolistic capital will be met with decisive resistance of all Ruhr miners and mine employees," says the "appeal" which, in any other language but German, would surely be called an "ultimatum."

To See the World

BETWEEN late August and early October some 70 members of Congress will make junkets to foreign lands at a cost of half a million dollars to taxpayers who fervently hope the following scheduled trips will be worth the expense:

¶ Christian Herter (R, Mass.) will lead a House Committee on Foreign Aid to Europe to study the relation of the Marshall Plan and US economy. This is a serious group whose directive is: "No wives, no dinner clothes, no tourism."

¶ Charles A. Wolverton (R, N. J.) and members of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee will look into the operation of US airlines in South America, the Middle East and Alaska.

¶ Karl Mundt (R, S. D.), who steered the "Voice of America" bill through the House, will take five colleagues through Europe and the Balkans to see how US radio programs are getting across. Five Senators will make a complementary trip.

¶ A Senate group will survey DP camps in Austria, Poland, Germany and Italy.

¶ The House Armed Services and War and Navy Appropriations Committees will fan out in small groups over the Pacific and Europe to inspect US military establishments.

¶ Four Senators will hold newsprint hearings in Alaska and look into airport construction there.

Sometimes, travel narrows one, but it has happened that travel can teach isolationists something. Example —the foreign policy voting records of Senator Kenneth Wherry, of Nebraska, majority whip, and Representatives Everett Dirksen (R, Ill.) and John M. Vorys (R, Ohio) have showed marked improvement following eye-opener tours overseas.

Second Look

THE Georgia prison-camp warden, H. G. Worthy, who ordered guards to drill buckshot into a Negro chain gang, killing eight of them (the *NR*, July 28), has not only lost his old job, but is going to be brought up again for questioning in connection with his responsibility for the killings.

The Georgia Department of Correction has discontinued Anguilla prison near Brunswick, Georgia, as a result of the conditions leading to the massacre, and has launched an investigation of Worthy's behavior. The Department of Justice has also begun a probe of its own.

The new inquiries materialized following the statement of Glynn County Commissioner Sam Levine, printed in the *New Republic*, in which Levine accused the warden and his men of perpetrating an "outrageous murder." Levine made the charge as a special grand jury was exonerating Worthy on grounds that the convicts were shot while trying to escape.

Bouquet

THE US military government officials who have returned to Berlin from a survey of Germany's food and agricultural situation declare that so far the Russians are leading the way in increasing German food output.

The Americans, who traveled as part of a French-British-Russian-US investigation team, assert that every available foot of arable land in the Soviet zone seems to be under cultivation. (The USSR has encouraged the German administration to break up the big German estates and divide them among the peasants.) By contrast, food-producing acreage in the British and US zones is less this year than last. They found that the greatest Soviet success has been in getting farmers to turn over full-production quotas to the legal instead of the black market.

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Jim Crow in Washington

EVERY time segregation of Negroes in the nation's capital comes up, those responsible say they are personally opposed to the practice but cannot afford to oppose local custom. This stand has been taken by the DAR, owners of Constitution Hall, where Negroes are allowed in the audience but not on the stage. And it was taken again last week by Marcus Heiman, owner of the National Theatre, Washington's only legitimate house, where Negroes are allowed on the stage but not in the audience.

The National has been condemned in editorials and picketed off and on for years. Last fall, when Ingrid Bergman discovered that Negroes were being barred from her *Joan of Lorraine,* she protested to newspapermen and exclaimed: "To think it would be permitted in the nation's capital, of all places."

Actor's Equity, long-time opponent of theatre segregation, succeeded in

An Uncertain Future for British Loans

by Helen Fuller

BRITAIN'S enthusiasm for the preliminary meetings on the Marshall Plan has cooled somewhat in the last few weeks as Britain's own future has grown blacker. Now British attention has turned from Paris to Washington, where a Labor Government delegation has come to discuss financial problems.

The British have let it be known in advance that they think nothing but a sizeable new loan before January 1 can save them. Officially the topic under consideration is modification of the terms of the existing $3.75 billion loan. But that, the British say, will not be enough. Neither would additional aid coming next spring under terms of the Marshall Plan.

According to the announcement of Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the old loan will be exhausted by the end of October, due chiefly to skyrocketing American prices. Unless the US is ready at that time to support the pound sterling in the world market, devaluation and world trade collapse are almost certainly ahead, the British contend.

This is a gloomy picture but others in Washington beside the British say it is a true one. So the delegation from Great Britain wants a softening of the terms of the hard bargain made two years ago with the late Lord Keynes. Specifically, the British wish to be freed from their pledge to refrain eventually from preferential trade relations and from the provision requiring Britain to make sterling freely convertible into dollars. Economists of both countries agree that these "concessions" must be made if a steady flow of world trade is to be maintained. The British are hoping that the Americans will also grant them further relief by assuming the British share of German occupation costs. But they are not likely to push very hard for inclusion of the latter if it is not on the American agenda, for the British cabinet is thinking of the Washington conversations primarily as a useful preliminary to the real discussion which must come soon on the need for a new loan and for the US Treasury to accumulate a high new sterling balance.

RESPONSIBLE officials agree that "We must help Britain." But the agreement ends there. A few, mostly in secondary positions, are now convinced that because of Britain's position at the hub of world trade, her financial crisis is of first importance, more urgent than the European crisis which the Marshall Plan was designed to meet. They favor substantial immediate aid, without strings. The majority opinion in the State Department and the White House, Secretary Marshall and Admiral Leahy included, is that we should grant the two immediate "concessions" but should give an accompanying lecture on the inadvisability of Britain's persisting in further socialization while we are paying the check. Socialist "waste and inefficiency" have robbed the American loan of a good part of its value, these men say.

Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder goes further than that. Why break our necks to do anything more for the British now, seems to be his attitude. Snyder is known as one who would do little mourning if the Labor government went under. He will be in London in September for the International Bank board meeting and can talk things over with the responsible Britishers then. We have done all that we can for the British without further action by Congress, Snyder told a recent press conference. So what's the hurry.

Secretary Marshall, still furious over Snyder's recent meddling in Latin American policy matters, is powerless to control Snyder's conduct in the British negotiations. Just before he left for the Rio meeting, Marshall told a press conference that he was sure the terms of the British loan agreement could be eased without special approval from Congress. Snyder's contradictory statement followed by only a few minutes. Then Marshall and Snyder appeared on the White House calendar at half-hour intervals and in that order almost immediately thereafter, and since that time Snyder has been less pronounced in his statements on the need for congressional action. But Snyder is chairman of the National Advisory Council which has official power over all foreign-loan questions. Marshall is far away in Rio, and Harry Truman has yet to deny his old crony Snyder anything Snyder has really wanted.Needless to say, the British are perturbed over the prospects.

THE odds against getting prompt relief for the British even from the convertibility and discrimination provisions of the loan are none too good. The thought of a battle for a new British loan in Congress is enough to bring disconsolate sighs from even the warmest British sympathizers in the government. In an election year, Republicans will be more than ever reluctant to support a Democratic proposal.

The isolationists will be tempted by the votes to be won from an anti-British crusade. Economy and tax reductions can be pious excuses for refusing to appropriate billions for Britain. Congressional experts liken the present situation to the one which existed prior to the proposal of the lend-lease program in 1940. The chances of the United States giving Britain the large-scale financial support she must have now can hardly be any less than the chances of our actively entering the war seemed in lend-lease days.

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getting a majority of the League of New York Theatres, an owners' group of which Heiman is a member, to agree to a contract that would require no Equity member to play Washington as long as segregation exists. Heiman promptly took refuge in the old "out." He said he would stick to his segregation policy unless Jim Crowism were made illegal in Washington or renounced by other business enterprises. His threat to switch to movies rather than comply with the League's ruling may leave Washington without a legitimate house after August 1, 1948, when the Equity non-segregation clause goes into effect.

THE National Theatre is national in name only. But a truly national theatre, where all Americans can buy seats, was projected last week when the Washington Arts Center Association asked the President to release the old Belasco Theatre, now government owned, for a civic center. The theatre was used during the war by the Washington Stage Door Canteen on a Jim Crow basis. It currently houses old files and furniture of the Treasury Department.

Heroes Wanted

MAYBE the GIs who yearned to come home from the war like what they found when they got home. Or maybe they remember army life too clearly and talk too freely about it. And maybe the young men of the US who had the honor and privilege of being officers and gentlemen are telling their younger brothers about the brass. Or perhaps the young men of the land just take peace seriously.

At any rate, while US delegate Herschel V. Johnson was hinting darkly to the UN Security Council that US soldiers might have to go to "save" the Greeks, Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, boss of West Point, was lamenting that the young men of the US don't want to get into army uniforms. "Under the conditions of peace," he said in a speech before a veterans' organization at Malone, New York, "the career of the enlisted man is failing to attract recruits in adequate numbers. Furthermore, the career of the officer is failing to appeal to the ablest of our young men."

The remark about the officers was an understatement of what the general called "the decline of popular interest in the Army." For the US Military Academy announced that its Corps of Cadets is 276 below authorized strength, the first recorded shortage in the Academy's 145 years of existence.

The UN Cockpit

FOR a full half-hour, poker-faced Andrei Gromyko addressed the UN Security Council, filling the highly charged atmosphere with bitter and angry criticisms of the US and the Australian proposals to end the fighting along Greece's northern frontier. With a bluntness of manner and a harshness of language unusual even for him, the youthful Soviet chief delegate said he would have none of the proposals, making plain that he would veto either or both.

The Australian resolution called upon the Council to order the Greeks, on the one hand, and the Yugoslavs, Albanians and Bulgarians, on the other hand, to stop fighting, but without attributing blame for the hostilities to either side. The US proposal—far tougher than the one introduced two weeks ago and vetoed by Gromyko—would order the Yugoslavs, Albanians and Bulgarians to "cease and desist from rendering any further assistance or support in any form to the guerrillas fighting against the Greek government."

The US proposal in particular, Gromyko declared, was "absurd" and "inacceptable." Moreover, he asserted, it amounted to the "crudest interference" in Greece's internal affairs. Then, in a couple of minutes, the Soviet spokesman told the real story behind the verbal slugfest in which he and the US delegate, Herschel Johnson, were engaged.

"The Soviet delegation," he declared, "takes into account in this matter not the façade, by which sometimes such proposals are being hidden, but the substance of these proposals." Explaining, he declared that the US resolution was, in the Soviet view, "only a political game" and it was obvious, he went on, "that this creates an unhealthy atmosphere in the Security Council and not only in the Council." He came to his point: "Around this fact all those are warming their hands who would like to see a collapse of the task of coöperation in the United Nations organization."

The target of Gromyko's attack was less the US resolution itself than against a double-barrelled warning voiced by Johnson that if the Soviets used their veto again the US would carry the case to the UN General Assembly in September, and if the Assembly failed to act, the US would undertake direct action outside the UN. First, Johnson said, the US will not "hesitate to exhaust every available means within the framework of the Charter," by which he meant an appeal to the Assembly. Then would come what Gromyko two days later called the "substance" of the US intention—in Johnson's words: "The continued failure of the Security Council to take effective action in this case because of the Soviet veto cannot, in the opinion of the United States government, preclude individual or collective action by states willing to act, so long as they act in accordance with the general purposes and principles of the United Nations."

Johnson's warnings and Gromyko's rejoinder were the start of a new phase in the USSR struggle for which the UN is being used as a cockpit. It was assumed that the US would invoke Article 51 of the Charter affirming "the inherent right of individual or collective self defense if an armed attack occurs against a member of the United Nations, until the Security Council has taken the measures necessary to maintain international peace and security." Moreover, the Soviet answer to Johnson's thinly veiled implication that US troops might eventually be sent to Greece was a Moscow threat of rupture of relations with Athens.

UN Secretary General Trygve Lie conceded in an annual report issued during the Council debate that "the world political situation has not improved in the last year."

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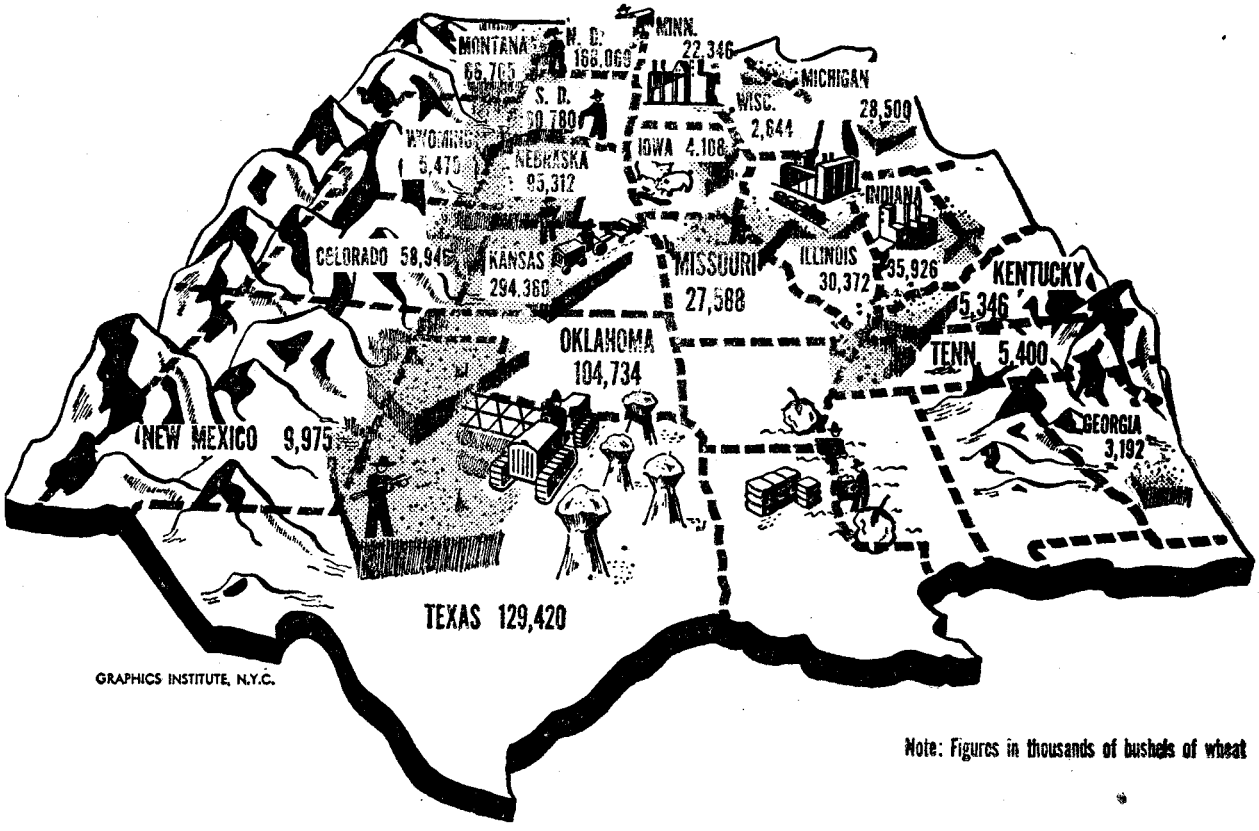
Today, a Golden Pool of Wealth . . .



A SURGING TIDE OF PROSPERITY RISES IN THE FERTILE PLAINS AS AMERICA'S GREATEST WHEAT CROP COMES TO HARVEST

by Roscoe Fleming

LIKE an invading army, a swarm of men and big machines has rumbled north this summer on Panzer treads over the thousand miles of Great Plains from Texas to Canada. Soon it will be in Manitoba. Working as it marches, it has engaged in the peacetime business of threshing the largest and richest wheat crop in American history. The 1947 wheat yield may, in future American folklore, rank with the Florida land boom and the gold rush of '98.

Already the wheat harvest has deposited nearly $600 million in Kansas, or almost twice the state's income from all crops in 1945. In some Kansas counties, each virtually a huge wheat field, the 1947 per-capita income from wheat will be nearly $3,000. Colorado, where the golden wave washes out against the Rockies, is reaping nearly $110 million worth of wheat; in 1939 the state's whole crop income was $125 million. North Dakota will get $350 million as against its total 1945 crop income of $300 million.

First to share in the golden flood are the owner-operators of the moving army—the custom combineers. Each owns from one to a dozen wheat combines, which cut the wheat in wide swathes, thresh it right there and blow the straw back on the ground, to be plowed in by the prudent farmer, burned by the unthrifty. A modern combine—swift, self-propelled, gulping the wheat in 16-foot-wide bites—can, under good conditions, cut 50 or more acres daily.

A Canadian fleet and an American fleet, each numbering hundreds of these machines, meet in the Texas Panhandle and Oklahoma as June busts out to start the summer-long march north. They contract with farmers as they go. They demand cash on the barrelhead; their profits are sure, regardless of what may happen later to the wheat and its owner.

Unusual weather ripened the 1947 wheat almost at once from the Panhandle to the northern Kansas line, and the combineers charged farmers, desperate to have wheat cut, all the traffic would bear. In Kansas the farmers paid as high as $8 an acre, almost double the usual price. Later, when the two fleets converged at the narrow waist of the wheat belt in Nebraska, a price war cut the combineers' take in half. But even so, the gross per machine could run as high as $200 to $400 daily. One ex-GI who put $4,200 in a new machine last spring, says he collected more than that amount in the first three weeks of the harvest. (There are also a lot of locally owned combines, but many farmers depend on the custom machines entirely, and even the biggest operators do so in part.)

Harvest hands haven't cashed in

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quite so well. Their numbers have become less year by year, because the combineers carry their own skilled crews. There has been little labor shortage anywhere. In Kansas, harvest workers are reported getting as little as 75 cents an hour; in Colorado their daily wages ran from $11 with board, to about $13 without board.

"I was here then"

WHAT are the social, economic and geographical consequences of this golden flood? Fiscally, its recipients are acting everywhere with almost unbelievable prudence, thrift and dignity. To quote one country editor—they're not like new rich, but like people with money who've suddenly come into quite a lot more.

But when it comes to wasting the assets from which the new profits flow—the soil itself—many are drifting rapidly back to the old bad days of relentless mining-out of the soil and then its abandonment, the practices that brought on the dust-bowl plague.

An editor in one of the worst plague spots of those days recently said, sneeringly, that his county's 1947 wheat income of $6 million would be even more if the soil-conservation men were fired as superfluous bureaucrats who were just painting pictures of disaster to hold their jobs, and if Uncle Sam's county holdings of 225,000 acres were "turned back to private enterprise" to raise more wheat. An old-timer answered. He pointed out that the 225,000 acres were the worst dust spots, and that the government had taken them over, with the frantic approval of local residents, to prevent them all blowing into the skyscraper windows of New York and Chicago. "I was here then," the old-timer said grimly. "The editor wasn't."

Reports from county agents in 414 Great Plains counties were collated at the Great Plains Agricultural Council meeting in Fort Collins, Colorado, early in August. The council is composed of federal and state agricultural officials. Its members were gloomy—not jubilant as you might expect in the greatest crop year of all time. This is the statistical picture they were given, covering virtually every county in the 800,000 square miles of the Great Plains, 600,000 of them in the Missouri River Basin:

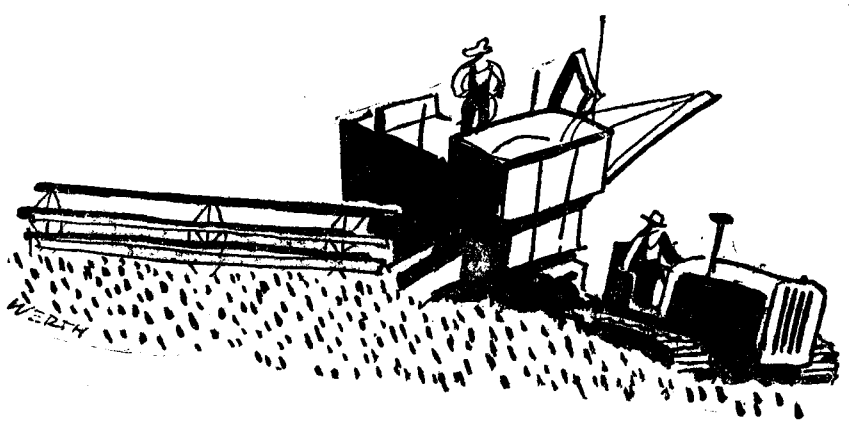
¶ On April 1, 1946, 7.2 million acres were "in condition to blow"; a year later the figure had increased to 9.7 million acres, an area the size of Maryland.

¶ Between July, 1946, and July 1, 1947, 1,335,000 acres of grassland went under the plow, as compared with 858,000 acres in the preceding year and 667,000 acres the year before that.

¶ In 1946, 8.9 million acres were plowed "on the contour" to prevent washing and blowing. In 1947 this had dropped to 8.2 million acres.

¶ In 1945, 10.6 million acres were summer-fallowed. By 1946 this had dropped to 9,878,000 acres, and this year, for 1948 wheat, to 8,739,000 acres.

¶ In 1946, 4.4 million acres were terraced to guard against washing and blowing; in 1947 only 3.9 million acres.



The plow-up is going on faster and faster. "Suitcase farmers," intoxicated by 1947's gold, are gambling on at least one more big crop at high prices. In eastern Colorado, the huge disc-hitches that can each turn over a quarter-section or more in 12 hours, are invading land that hasn't been plowed since the starved-out, dried-up homesteaders gave up and moved to California in the thirties. (You can still see the section lines traced in the prairie, and the pathetic huddles of stones or concrete that were once foundations.)

So much sodland has gone in some parts of Colorado that state soil conservationist Ken Chalmers says there's too little grass left to serve as an anchor if the blow begins. And H. H. Finnell, Southwestern soil conservation specialist at Amarillo, says the light sandy loams of the big 1946-47 plow-up in the western Panhandle and eastern New Mexico, are not holding even with plentiful rain. Abandonment, he points out, has already begun.

A few bright spots

NOR do the figures reflect the even more subtle warning signs. Farmers have ceased to bother about selecting drought-resistant varieties, so when the drought comes, they will suffer doubly. Drought-resistant research has been greatly hampered. Incessant cropping and moisture are leaching out the essential soil minerals, even from the rich prairies.

The picture is not entirely black. Farmers who lived in this part of the country and held on during the thirties, are husbanding their soil resources. Properly tended, their land is well-nigh as resistant to blowing as is grassland. W. T. Graham, maker of the Graham-Hoeme plow—the revolutionary plow that goes back to first principles and cracks and stirs the soil deeply, but leaves the mulch and rich soil on top—can't keep up with the demand, even though he will make 50,000 plows this year, some of them 34 feet wide.

It is the suitcase farmer and the speculators who will be largely responsible for the next black clouds of Western dust over New York. In grass the land cannot possibly be as profit-

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able as in wheat. The gambling urge to put it into wheat is irresistible. When the rains come, the suitcase farmers invade west of the 100th meridian, nature's boundary line of the semi-arid regions.

Twice, great droughts have beaten back this invasion, save for favored spots. Now men from the Eastern plains, where cropping is continuously possible, see the lush prairies for sale at prices that seem cheap to them, in spite of the biggest land-inflation anywhere. They buy or lease, move in the huge machines and start tearing up miles of prairie. They will move out when the prices go down and the blowing begins, leaving the permanent farmers and the ranchers to hold on if they can.

Tempted by nature

NATURE has tempted her sons beyond their strength to resist. Rainfall over the Western Great Plains has in many places mounted to unbelievable multiples of normal—three, four or five times. It came just right and stopped just right—it continued to nurture wheat until the last minute, then ceased for the harvest.

Last fall, volunteer wheat springing up in last year's fields looked so good that many farmers didn't have the heart to plow it under for fallow. In many instances such wheat made 30 bushels to the acre. Some fields were blown down twice and frosted heavily at least once, yet made 40 bushels. And this fall there will be a plentiful store of moisture, tempting farmers to a bigger-than-even acreage gamble.

Even east of the line—where the older trend was toward general, partly subsistence farming, with cows and row-crops and gardens and chickens —money madness has affected good farming. A 1947 visitor to a Kansas county reports he saw no cows and not a row-crop in 100 miles. Everywhere, wheat and fallow spread to the horizon. Houses are boarded up. Farmers live in town, buy cellophaned "fresh" tomatoes from California at the chain-store, ready-sliced bacon from Chicago, and culture at the air-conditioned movie, where they can see "The Hucksters."

They take—or send—their big machines out to plant or fallow. Even the hired men live in town. Why shouldn't they—with no chores? The whole situation leads to bitter reflection on the supposed soil-saving program of the Production and Marketing Administration.

But these folks are being unbelievably prudent with their money. Uncle Sam gets a big slice, of course—from one-fourth to one-third, perhaps, of the whole bonanza. (If you think the Union League Club is bitter, you ought to hear some of these farmers curse the tax collector, after being nurtured into prosperity by US farm policies.)

They are buying new equipment where available. It is still very scarce, and farmers' bitterness at organized labor is in part explained by the equipment-plant strikes. Particularly where the Rural Electrification Administration is coming or is present, electrical-appliance salesmen are reaping a harvest. The farmers are paying debts. They are buying land, but on careful terms that won't leave them holding it. (I know one farming family which by now will have completed paying for an $180,000 ranch bought only last January.) Bankers' eyes popped in Denver when in one week three separate $300,000 accounts were started by wheat-ranchers in one bank. A Kansas stenographer and her working husband, who eight years ago bought a quarter-section for $700, are now rated at $100,000.

Roscoe Fleming is the Christian Science Monitor's *correspondent in Denver.*

Farmers are building home elevators or bins to store wheat—again this year, millions of bushels had to be stored on the ground, giving opportunity to the wheat rustler who drives his truck up to the unguarded pile at night and leaves with $500 worth of wheat.

Early morning celebration

OF course there are a few wild stories, but you have to hunt. A travel-bureau operator was routed out of bed at three a.m. by a celebrator who had just sold 100,000 bushels and wanted a round-the-world trip for self and family, fixed up right now, if not yesterday. And a sardonic paragrapher wrote: "An Oklahoma wheat tycoon is being looked at askance. All his friends have spang-new 1948 used cars, while he's still driving around in an old 1947 new-used car."

These men are exceptions. Most of the beneficiaries of the golden flood are behaving with dignity and prudence—save in relation to nature, its provider, who will take her revenge in her own good time and way.

A Hungry World Looks to the U. S. Wheatbowl

by Jan Hasbrouck

HIGHLY vocal American industrialists have succeeded in planting firmly in the world's mind the remarkable wartime and postwar rise in US industrial production. Less publicized, but no less extraordinary and more important, has been the rise in US farm output in the past decade.

Since 1938, US farm production has gone up one third. But farm employment has actually gone down nearly 10 percent for these reasons: hardier and higher-yielding plants; increased mechanization and better techniques; and a decade of fine weather. There are several million more Americans than there were before the war and they are eating better. Yet we are exporting at a record rate—18.4 million tons last year.

During the war most of the food shipped overseas was in the form that would give the most calories for the

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least space. Thus we concentrated on meats, eggs, dairy products and other processed and packaged goods. But since the war we have put the food-deficit countries back on a diet of cereals. Of the 18.4 million tons of food sent last year, 15 million were in cereals.

Of the grains used for human consumption, wheat is by far the most important (but the price of wheat affects the price of bread only slightly in the US, the farmer's share of a 12-cent loaf of white bread being only 2.5 cents).

About a third of this year's bumper wheat crop will be exported. If this wheat were not exported, even if it were lying around rotting and the price went tumbling as a result, the Department of Agriculture estimates that US consumption of bread would go up only two or three percent.

All US grain exports are still under controls. The Department of Agriculture listens to the needs of the State Department, the Army and foreign countries, and then makes up its quotas. The Department of Commerce then issues some licenses to private exporters within the quotas, but actually more than half of the grain exported is purchased by the government.

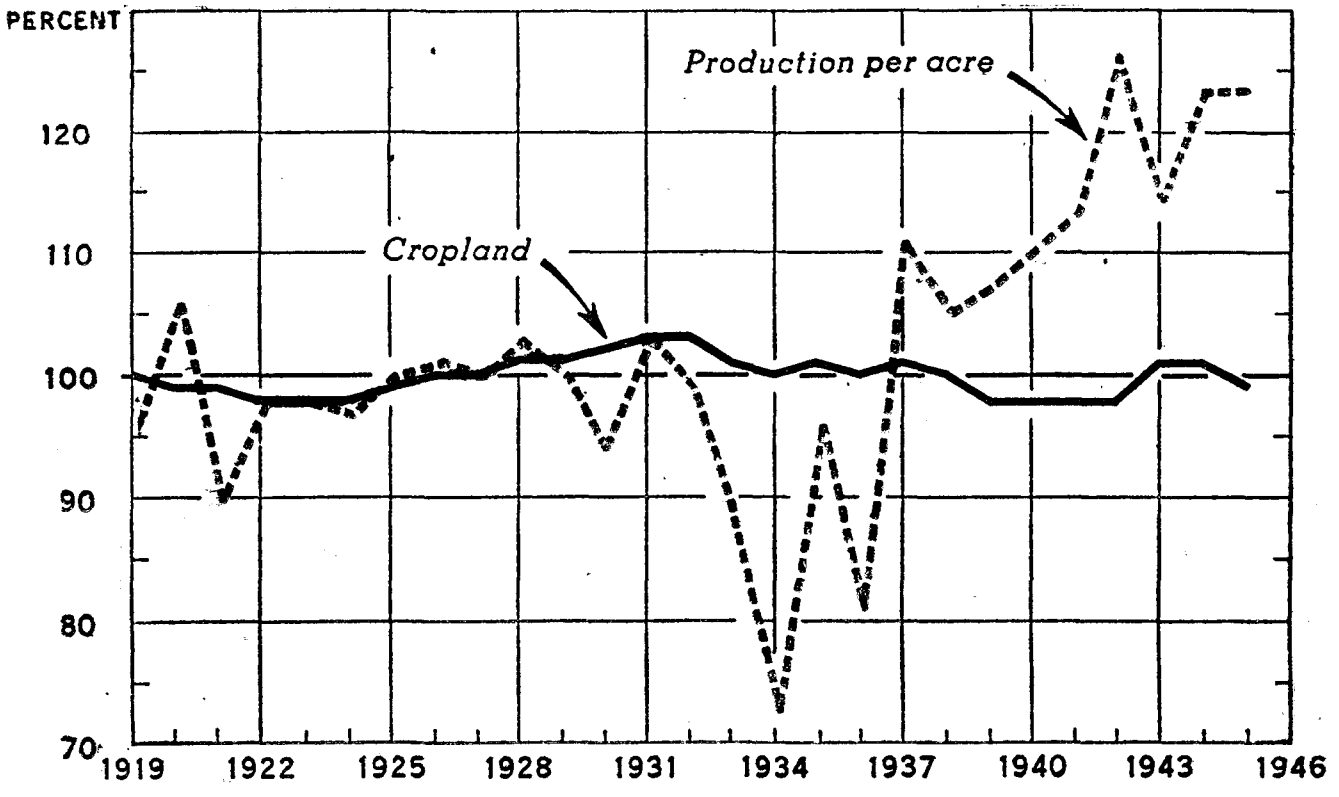
The Department of Agriculture wishes it were out of this business, for it gets little but complaints from all sides. The private grain traders accuse the government of operating secretly and of rigging the market artificially. Actually the government publishes its purchases every 24 hours locally and once a week nationally. What it does not do is announce ahead of time (except in an over-all, yearly sense) when and how much it is going to buy. It usually steps in when the market is going down and buys quickly in large lots. It makes every effort not to inflate the market.

The operators would like the government to announce its purchases in advance, enabling them to boost the price first. When they speak of ineptness or inefficiency among the department bureaucrats, they are really unhappy because the government is being a good businessman.

The United States will supply this year about half of the world's exportable grain. In order to keep their diets at the present bare subsistence levels, the food-deficit countries will need 34 to 38 million tons. There will be only 30 to 34 million tons available, 15 of them from the US. Obviously this is a grim outlook, but most of the world's millions will at least be kept alive this year, thanks to the great bounty of the plains states of the US.

The frightening thought is that if our streak of weather luck should break, if there were to be a drought like that of 1934 or 1936, US grain production could be cut in half. There would still be enough for us, but if it happened before world agriculture got on its feet, the spectre of famine would once more be abroad in many lands.

THE YIELD PER ACRE OF US FARMLANDS



US Department of Agriculture Chart, released August 5, shows how each acre of farmland increased its yield during the war years. Although the Department has not completed its figures for this year, the trend is still upward as efficiency of operation, mechanization and phenomenally good weather combined to increase acre-yield.

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Henry Wallace

Summer Vacation at Farvue

AFTER rather strenuous trips in Europe and the United States, I have been taking some time off at my farm 50 miles north of New York City near the Connecticut line. Four or five generations of my mother's people lived not far from here during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and I joined my wife and sister in buying this farm while I was still in the cabinet. It was a place to which I could escape on weekends and carry on some experimental work.

Farming is hard work, but when it is tackled as a change from writing and speaking, it is thoroughly delightful. When I experiment in agriculture, seeking new and better varieties of plant and animal life, or when I use the seedlings or breeds of others who have worked at improving our sources of food, I am reassured about the wonderful possibilities for a world with peace and plenty for all, and I am driven by such thoughts to leave Farvue to speak the simple truth that such a world is possible, if we will act positively in our democratic way to achieve it.

There are 118 acres in this farm, but half of it is in rocks and trees. The so-called cultivatable land is also rocky, but is very productive when fertilized with barnyard manure and phosphate. My specialty at Farvue Farm does not require the most fertile of soils or the clearance of the rocky areas. I am concentrating my major efforts on crossing and inbreeding chickens. This year we hatched and wing-banded about 7,000. We know the sire and dam of every one of them. We shall get rid of most of the chickens so that by next winter we shall have only about 1,000 hens on the place. These will be divided up into 50 pens where in most cases the roosters will be mated to their full sisters. We have already developed several inbred strains of Barred Rocks and Rhode Island Reds which we are crossing with inbred White Leghorns developed by my son in Iowa, who has been doing extremely interesting work in breeding chickens for many years.

This past year, one of these inbred Rhode Island Red strains, when crossed with White Leghorn inbreds, produced pullets which in the spring laid 85 percent of the time and 90 percent of their eggs hatched. If the eggs laid by an ordinary hen in a 60-day period are put in an incubator, you get 30 to 35 chicks. One of these hens gave us 48 chicks. Among the interesting crosses is the one of the Brown Leghorn male on the Barred Rock. The pullets are pure black and the roosters are barred. The cockiest, fastest growing roosters we have are a cross of the New Hampshire Red male on Brown Leghorn females. They look just like New Hampshires, but with more black in the tail.

While my own operations at Farvue Farm have been undertaken for experimental breeding purposes and I have been prepared to take a financial loss for several years before we develop something superior, they have given me an insight into the problems of the chicken farmer today. I understand how difficult it is to make any money, for egg and chicken prices, high as they are, do not yet reflect the farmers' higher costs. The damage to the corn crop has already made feed prices soar and they may be expected to go even higher.

AT FARVUE I am also experimenting with strawberries. The strawberries sold in stores are usually very inferior and it would give me a great deal of satisfaction to produce one highly vigorous strawberry variety with superior taste.

Virus diseases which attack strawberry plants cause varieties to come and go. Most of the good-tasting strawberries are particularly susceptible to these diseases.

There are three ways to meet the problem. One is to grow a resistant variety like Howard 17, developed by Mr. E. C. Howard in Massachusetts. The Howard 17 resists the virus diseases better than most varieties, but has a rather poor flavor. So far the best seedlings I have grown have been one-half Howard 17, out of varieties originated by the US Department of Agriculture.

Another solution is to destroy all virus-infected stock and certify all strawberry-plant growers who have clean stock. This is the method now being started in England.

The third method is continually to develop new seedlings to replace the old varieties.

At the moment I am working in a modest way on the third plan. Last year I had planted at the farm 25 different varieties. Most of the ancestral material came

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from George Darrow of the US Department of Agriculture, but I have also used some New York, Connecticut, Maryland and Russian varieties. While I was away from the farm, the plants became badly overgrown with weeds, but I have already grown and fruited a large number of seedlings and several varieties showed much greater ability to survive than the Howard 17. One of the best of these was Temple, developed by the US Department of Agriculture in coöperation with the Maryland Agricultural Equipment Station. It is free from virus, has very strong foliage, a fine flavor, and is resistant to a new disease known as red stele. The only weakness is that the deer which invade Farvue seem to prefer Temple for browsing to any other variety.

In mid-June of this year, when I had completed my speaking engagements, I got up at 5:30 every morning and worked at transplanting the best strawberry varieties. It is not customary to transplant in June but I saved 90 percent of my plants by taking plenty of earth with each plant. I knew it would be easier than trying to clean the weeds out of the old patch. After two weeks I had transplanted a thousand plants of 15 different sorts. There was an enormous difference among all the varieties in the way they wilted. A cross of Maytime by Dresden wilted least. Both Maytime and Dresden are one-half Howard 17. The best seedling that I have found so far comes from seed of a variety known as Midland, which is one-half Howard 17 and one-half Red Heart, a variety from the Pacific Coast.

Next year I am going to cross a Russian pistillate, or female sort, with some of my varieties, all of which have both the male and female elements present in the flower. Since the Russian variety has no pollen, the bees can do the work of cross fertilization. I will not know the father in all cases, but I can be certain that the father is good because all the 15 sorts that I transplanted are good.

Sooner or later I hope to send some of my new strawberry varieties back to Russia.

THE other day, Walter Bishop of Guilford, Connecticut, came over to Farvue. He is a famous Barred Rock breeder and wanted to talk about chickens and peace. He is a Republican but was more friendly to the Russians than are most Democrats. This is because he spent time with some Russians who were purchasing hatching eggs from our leading breeders. They purchased a total of 20,000 eggs, which hatched remarkably well. The Russians were very appreciative of what Bishop did for them and have asked him to visit Russia to go over their poultry work. He is convinced by personal contact that the Russians are like anyone else and that they are just as anxious for peace as we are.

I was particularly interested in the fact that Mr. Bishop had a plan for world security. Like hundreds of others who have sent me their plans and spoken to me, this intelligent man knows that peace is possible and is interested in promoting it. The desire for peace is almost universal and it is good to hear of people who are thinking positively rather than negatively. Mr. Bishop's plan might even solve the security problem *if* both the United States and Russia would agree to it. At the moment I am afraid neither country would agree to the effective world-armament force with its 15 air bases which the Bishop plan contemplates. Bishop would have each base run by a citizen of a different nation whose term of office would last for one year only.

When I was working in the garden the morning after Bishop called on me, I thought of how important it was for those of us in the sciences and the arts to break down superficial national boundaries. That was why I took hatching eggs to England. (Incidentally, the 12 hatching eggs given to me by Dick Crossman, the Labor MP, produced five chickens which are now at Farvue and which have for a great-great-great grandmother a hen of the Maran breed, which a British soldier picked up on the beach at Dunkirk when the Germans chased the British into the sea.) That, too, was why I took many samples of seed of wheat, rice, oats, corn and cotton both to China and to Soviet Asia. Seeds are symbols of the unity of life.

GRADUALLY I am getting acquainted with some of my neighbors at Farvue and they are people of widely differing views. Some are old Yankee and Dutch stock who have been here for generations. They are mostly Republican. I am going to be voting, for example, in a town where, typically, in a presidential election the vote is 190 for the Republican and 25 for the Democrat. In recent years many progressives, some of them artists and musicians, have been moving into the district. Many have traveled all over the world. I am amazed at how many different kinds of things I can learn by visiting with my neighbors in the country. Nearly everyone has a specialty of some kind and many have made a success of some sort in New York City. I am told, for example, that Edward Steichen, the great photographer, who lives in the neighborhood, was one of the world's greatest delphinium breeders until his work was cut short by the war.

One reason why I am working so hard for world peace and the salvation of our system on a basis that will avoid depression is because I am selfish enough to want to savor to the full the interesting neighborhood of which I am now a part. Incidentally, I am sure that progressivism will grow in these rock-bound Republican areas. The people are reactionary by custom, not by nature. H. W.

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The Classics Hit the Road

by Duncan Scott

The North Carolina Symphony is carrying Brahms and Beethoven into the backwoods; the kids love it and the old folks want more

IN the land of the mountain ballad, down in the hills of North Carolina, symphonic music has come to stay. Children who used to call for "Pop Goes the Weasel" or sit enchanted while grandpappy fiddled "I'll Be Back in a Year, Little Darling," now give an equal welcome to the themes of Beethoven's fifth symphony or a tune from "Figaro." The citizens of the Tarheel State today cherish and support a state orchestra, the first of its kind in America and first to receive official recognition and money from a state legislature.

The North Carolina Symphony is a people's orchestra. The Reverend J. C. Mason Emde, trombonist, drops his instrument on Sundays to preach; Clyde Spencer of Asheville plays the cello when he isn't decorating house interiors; Professor F. B. McCall, of the University of North Carolina, teaches law when he isn't beating kettledrums; Betty Blackford of Greensboro fingers her trumpet as competently as she does her stenographer's notebook.

Formed 15 years ago, the group includes housewives, music teachers, businessmen, high-school students, veterans, a jeweler, an accountant, a former railroad fireman and a number of players who have become professional musicians. Through years of depression, war, gasoline rationing, travel restrictions and tight budgets, the orchestra has been held together by lanky Benjamin Swalin, the conductor, who refuses to admit that any community anywhere could fail to appreciate good music.

Back in 1928, when the Philadelphia Orchestra gave a concert in Charlotte, North Carolina, there were more musicians on the stage than people in the audience. When the North Carolina Symphony made its debut at Chapel Hill two years later, there were gloomy predictions that it would soon dissolve and its members would scatter to their homes. Swalin even then insisted the people would take good music to their hearts if consistently given the opportunity.

"Anyone can enjoy symphonic music," Swalin says. "If I had my way, every juke box in the country would have several symphony recordings."

Duncan Scott is a press and radio writer employed by the Soil Conservation Service who has contributed articles to some 20 magazines.

Holder of a master's degree from Columbia University, a doctorate from the University of Vienna and diplomas from the Institute of Musical Art in New York, Swalin carried in him the fiery faith of Professor Leopold Auer, his violin teacher, who had told him early in his career: "Don't stay in New York. Go West or South—go where people are starved for good music."

Swalin started the first year with only $200 in contributions, and until last year the symphonic budget never exceeded $13,000. From the beginning he had to take the orchestra out on the road. He went to the little villages, played in school auditoriums and town halls and made a special appeal to the children who might show musical talent and might develop into a generation of music lovers.

For six years Swalin taught a full schedule of classes at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill and conducted the symphony on the side. During the war, when travel was a nightmare and funds were meager, he held sectional rehearsals. On weekends he would leave his classroom and ride 100 miles or more to one of these rehearsals. Then he would climb on a bus again and jolt back to Chapel Hill, mulling over the next day's lectures.

Trumpeting fireman

THE orchestra caught the blaze of Swalin's enthusiasm. His pretty green-eyed wife, Maxine, served as a pianist and narrator at the children's programs, wrote hundreds of letters, sent the men's soiled shirts to their homes to be laundered and smiled sweetly at the most pompous music patrons.

Max Wells of Greensboro, who was a fireman on the Southern Railway, would heave coal into a locomotive furnace and then catch up on his trumpet practice while the train rumbled through the night. Young mothers, like Mrs. Henry Teeter of Mount Holly, farmed out their children to relatives or neighbors and went off to give concerts. When a tympanist left the orchestra

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and took his kettledrums with him, Sam Citron, a Charlotte viola player, forked over $200 to help buy a new set of timpani. And William Greene, an accountant who plays the cello, wore out two automobiles hauling fellow musicians through the back hills of the state. The orchestra travels rough. On one trip from Chapel Hill to Raleigh they packed a double bass, four violins, a cello, two dozen music stands, several armloads of music and six crumpled musicians into an Oldsmobile sedan.

In the difficult days of the war, when 50 of the men went into uniform and the women members began having babies with wartime frequency, the orchestra was reduced to 40 musicians. But it survived and grew again. In 1943, the legislature appropriated $2,000 a year for its support; in 1945, they doubled the annual ante. Last year the Symphony Society put on an intensive campaign and obtained $60,000 from butchers, bakers, farmers, newspapermen, clerks, bankers and other citizens of the state.

No lobby lounging

IN 1946, the orchestra covered more than 10,000 highway miles to bring Bach, Beethoven and Brahms to 73,000 school children and 25,000 adults. From March 8 to May 20, it played 104 concerts in 50 towns and cities. The players had no time for lobby lounging. They gave two concerts a day—one in the afternoon for children and one in the evening for adults. They sandwiched rehearsals between the concerts. The children paid nothing; their parents paid a dollar each for admission.

Wherever they went, Swalin looked for young talent. At nearly every school he found a few minutes between concerts and rehearsals to hold auditions. He discovered Charles Medlin of High Point, who is now first cellist. And he gave 10-year-old Jane Winfield of Charlotte a chance to appear as soloist. She played the Hadyn D-major concerto for piano, and won warm applause.

During the first half of the 1946 season, Swalin took 21 musicians—the Little Symphony—on a circuit of villages where no symphony orchestra had ever ventured before. They headed southeast for Richlands, a place with 600 people. "If you don't keep your eyes peeled," one musician said to the bus driver, "you'll go through Richlands without knowing it."

But when the bus lumbered into the hamlet at sundown, the people poured into the street, waving and calling greetings. The musicians were hurried away to private homes, where they were fed on fried chicken, home-cured ham, corn bread, sweet potatoes, turnip greens, apple cider and strawberry preserves. The next morning, after the orchestra had played in the small school, the town turned out for a barbecue and celebration.

In Jacksonville, some 1,200 youngsters—most of them wearing overalls and gingham dresses, but with hair slicked and faces scrubbed to a high sheen—packed into the school auditorium. After the orchestra had reached the climax of Knipper's "Meadowland," a stirring piece filled with the sound of trumpets, Swalin turned and looked at the appreciative young audience.

"Thank you, thank you," Swalin said. "Before we play 'On the Trail,' by Ferde Grofé, I'd like to know how many of you have ever heard a symphony orchestra before." The children looked at one another. No one said anything. In the back of the room, a single hand went up.

Enthusiasm without spitwads

FROM Jacksonville the orchestra moved on to Roxboro, Morganton, Cullowhee, Franklin, Waynesville, Brevard and Rosman. The concert at Rosman hadn't been scheduled. When the school children there heard that the Little Symphony was playing at Brevard, nine miles away, they sent a message begging for a chance to hear the music. Swalin changed the schedule and the symphony appeared.

When the bus reached Waynesville, rain fell in torrents. The tired musicians were red-eyed and uncertain of their reception, and the school janitor didn't soothe their nerves by declaring: "The young 'uns here are lively as grasshoppers. Most likely they'll

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splatter you with spitwads." But the orchestra played and the children sat very quietly, entranced by the music.

"In every town except one the audience clapped for encores," Swalin said. "In that particular village we closed our program with 'Deep Forest,' which has a subdued ending. We waited, hoping for applause, but the people just sat there, apparently not realizing the concert was over. We got up to leave and still they sat motionless. Finally I called the orchestra back and we played two encores."

After finishing the circuit of the smaller communities, the Little Symphony expanded into a full orchestra of 60 players and traveled on to capture such cities as Winston-Salem, Durham, Wilmington and Asheville. In these cities, as in the villages, the orchestra always played at least one concert free for the school children.

Lusty fun and excitement

THE children's concerts were tailored to juvenile tastes. Youngsters liked lusty pieces with strong rhythms, so the orchestra would often choose the march from Wagner's "Tannhauser." For sheer fun, there would be a novelty number like "The Whistler and His Dog"; for narrative appeal, perhaps the exciting "Peter and the Wolf." By judicious cutting, the orchestra gave the children samples of all four movements of Dvorak's fifth symphony in E-minor ("From the New World"), Schubert's fifth symphony, or parts of some other major composition.

Before the orchestra sat down in the school halls, the spade work had been done by Mrs. Swalin and Mrs. Adeline McCall, a music teacher from Chapel Hill. They had prepared and sent background material on the programs to teachers. Hence the children knew what to expect when the musicians arrived.

"Eventually we will own circulating libraries of music books and recordings," Mrs. McCall said recently. "We want movies that demonstrate musical instruments or tell stories of the great symphonies. Maybe someday we'll broadcast directly to hundreds of schoolrooms every week."

There'll Be Plenty To Burn

by Ellen Mason

The nightmare of American starvation for oil has finally been put to rest; scientists promise to produce it competitively from coal, shale and gas

OFF and on for 20 years, a nightmare has paraded through the dreams of America's national planners: it is the spectacle of a nation without oil, of millions of automobiles parked uselessly in garages for lack of gasoline, of ponderous machinery grinding to its death without lubrication, of an Army, Navy and air force pinned helplessly to their bases for lack of liquid fuel. For 20 years the nightmare has been accompanied by the black prophecies of slide-rule-and-statistic scholars: America's oil reserves will last for 20 years, for 15 years, for nine years.

This summer, for the first time, the nightmare seems to have been rendered a thin and tissueless fantasy. For several years, the Department of the Interior and private industry have been experimenting with the conversion of coal, oil shale and natural gas into oil. Progress has been so great that the department can now declare:

1. Costs of synthetic oil have already been reduced to a nearly competitive level.

2. Enough of the technical problems have been licked in experimental and pilot-plant production to assure the nation that the rest can be conquered.

3. Within three to five years the conversion of coal and shale into gasoline can be started on a commercial scale.

4. Resources great enough to assure us an oil supply for hundreds of years seem to be clearly available.

Experimental success has come with very little time to spare. The basic elements of the old nightmare contained an alarming degree of truth. The United States has only a limited supply of oil with which to face an increasingly mechanized and oil-using future. Our proved oil reserves—the amount of oil recoverable by the latest methods from known fields—total only 22 billion barrels.

At present we are pumping about 1.7 billion barrels a year out of this reserve and, with one small exception in an east Texas field, this is virtually the greatest amount of oil we can take without wrecking our wells. One and seven-tenths into 22 is a little less than 13 years. Before the war we had an unused surplus, or "cushion," of about one million barrels a day. It is gone now.

Without any question, the United States is going to find more new oil to replenish the oil it uses. Geologists believe it entirely possible that we will discover in the future as much oil as we have unearthed in our whole oil production in the past. The danger lies in the fact that we may not find new oil as rapidly as we consume what we have or know we have.

In fact, it is a virtual certainty that we will not discover new oil that fast—

Ellen Mason is a Washington journalist who has been studying the government's experiments with synthetic fuels.

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we have already tapped the areas which were known to be most promising. From here on, we are going to have to drill in less likely territory, and drill deeper. And the new fields will not be as rich as the old ones. The average new field now discovered in this country scarcely exceeds two million barrels of recoverable oil, whereas the 300 fields found abroad during the 20 years prior to 1943 had an average ultimate yield of about 100 million barrels each.

As we have to scratch harder for oil, the cost also goes up. Before the war, the oil industry estimated that the cost of getting a barrel of oil to the surface was about 70 cents. It is now over $1.

Foreign oil entanglements

WITH all of our drilling, and with scientifically improved methods of getting more oil out of old fields, we have been able to maintain our reserves at only a little above their prewar level. At the rate at which we're using oil, reserves should now total about 30 billion barrels instead of 22 billion and the figure should soon go still higher.

But there's virtually no chance that it will; hence we're running out of oil, although the final petering out stage may well be 50 years off, instead of only 12 to 15 years away. Even the oil industry admits that it is time to begin to hedge. Eugene Holman, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, recently told a Senate committee: "Most of us in the oil industry recognize that in the course of time, we shall have to depend increasingly on other sources to supplement our domestic supply."

To save our own oil we could rely upon foreign oil. United States companies own enough oil in the Caribbean area, in the Middle East and in many other places to keep us and the world which buys from us supplied with oil for an almost indefinite period. What worries the oil planners is that most of this oil might be shut off in time of war.

After an exhaustive study of the problem, the Special Senate Committee Investigating Petroleum Resources recently concluded: "If the United States is to hold the place it now occupies on the world stage . . . it must develop a national petroleum policy that will make certain that we shall not become dependent upon any other country for our supply of liquid fuel."

That leaves only one answer—to make oil synthetically from coal, oil shale, natural gas or other materials. Since it is estimated that the United States has enough coal alone to meet all conceivable combustion and oil requirements for 1,000 to 2,000 years, conversion of coal into oil would seem our best bet.

In 1944, Congress gave the Department of the Interior $30 million with which to go to work on the problem. The department decided to attack two of the tentative solutions—conversion of coal and shale—at once. It left the third avenue of attack—conversion of natural gas—to private industry. All these attacks have been successful.

In the lovely apple-orchard country of Louisiana and Missouri, the department, after laboratory experimentation, is now completing hydrogenation demonstration plants which will make possible the production of gasoline from coal for from nine to 14 cents a gallon. The cost is within striking distance of the six-to-nine-cent-per-gallon refinery price of regular gasoline. Furthermore, the cost of making gasoline from coal undoubtedly will be cut down further, while, as was previously pointed out, the cost of producing gasoline from petroleum is going up. Exactly when the two will meet, no one cares to predict, but the time may not be distant.

An aromatic gasoline

AT THE Missouri plant, coal is crushed, washed, screened, dried, and mixed with a heavy return oil to form a paste. Along with hydrogen, this paste is fed into preheaters and then into converters. After passing through two or four converters in series, about 80 percent of the coal is converted into oil.

The oil is separated next into high and low-boiling material. The high-boiling material is centrifuged to remove unreacted coal and ash, and returned for use as pasting oil. The lower-boiling materials are distilled and go into the "vapor phase."

In the higher pressures during the "vapor operation," the middle oil is converted in a single step into a highly aromatic gasoline with good octane value and good, rich mixture characteristics. In other words, it's an excellent motor gasoline and a fine aviation fuel. Other important by-products, such as liquefied petroleum gases, tar acids and bases, may be made from the same hydrogenation process.

The Louisiana plant, when it goes into full operation, probably early in 1948, will produce 200 barrels a day of refined gasoline. The 200-barrel output was chosen as the minimum necessary to provide adequate engineering data for the later design of a full-scale commercial plant.

Better than the Germans

SOME of the most valuable data used in construction of the pilot plant was obtained from the Germans, who made a large part of their war gasoline from coal. Early in 1945, 30 American investigators were sent to Germany to make the most careful study of their operations. The Bureau of Mines of the department has said that the value of the material obtained "cannot be overestimated."

Already, however, the department's scientists have made important improvements in the German methods. By more efficient use of heat and improved gas-generating methods, they have materially reduced the cost of the process. German costs appear to have been about double what the American costs are estimated to be. These improvements also enable the department to obtain larger amounts of oil per ton of coal.

Another German process, the Fischer-Tropsch, is being tested here in the department's laboratory at Pittsburgh. In this process the coal is gasified, and the gases combined over a catalyst to yield gasoline, oil and the wax fractions. The Fischer-Tropsch process produces a wide range of fuels, from oils suitable for Diesel engines to motor grade. Because the Germans used water-cooling to remove the tremendous amount of heat generated in

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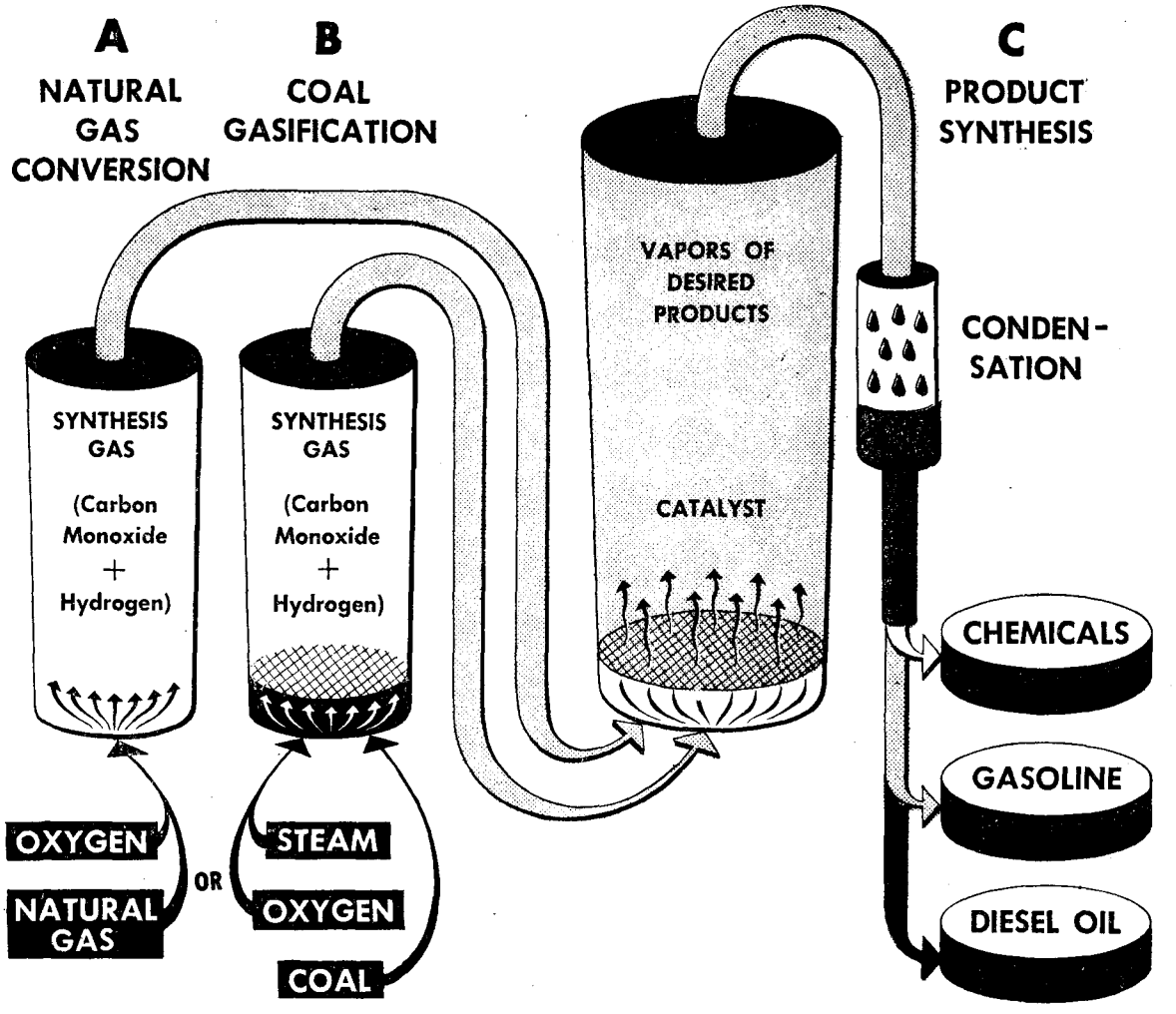
ONE METHOD OF MAKING SYNTHETIC GASOLINE

The chart illustrates the Fischer-Tropsch process of synthesizing gasoline, as modified by American engineers. Known technically as hydrocarbon synthesis, it can use natural gas, coal or coke as its basic raw material. When natural gas is used (A), it is burned in a generator with oxygen to produce carbon monoxide and hydrogen. When coal or coke is used (B), it is brought to a high temperature by an oxygen blast in the presence of steam to produce the same combination of gases. The second stage (C) of the process in either case brings the carbon monoxide and hydrogen in contact with a fluid catalyst; the resulting reaction produces hydrocarbon gases and vapors from which synthetic gasoline, Diesel oil and chemicals are condensed and separated out.



the Fischer-Tropsch synthesis chambers, they were able to build only small 20 or 30-barrel-a-day chambers. Several hundred chambers would be needed for a 10,000-barrel plant and the cost of building them here would be prohibitive. The department, however, has already worked out a new type of synthesis chamber which can be as large as it is practical to build; one large enough to produce 2,000 barrels a day is entirely possible. The department does it by dripping a cooling oil over the catalyst, and thus holding heat within manageable bounds.

The department is experimenting with even more drastic methods. Instead of bringing coal to the process, it is trying to bring the process to the coal by underground gasification. This means simply setting the coal on fire underground and drawing off the gases for processing in a mine-head plant. At one stroke it eliminates most of the costs of mining and transporting the coal. Air or oxygen has to be pumped into the mine to keep the fire going at the proper temperature, but this should be considerably less costly than mining. The Russians have used a variation of this method for years.

Under a coöperative agreement between the department and the Ala-

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bama Power Company, a tract of land was prepared for the experiment. About four acres containing a seam of coal 30 inches thick and under approximately 30 feet of cover, were isolated. Two entries and a crosscut connecting them were made. A fire started in the crosscut was blasted with air from a pressure blower located outside the workings. A gas, ranging from low to relatively high-heating value, was produced.

Mines and retorts

THE first reports from the department's second project—the conversion of shale—have been just as encouraging.

A demonstration plant for extracting oil from oil shale has been built and is now operating in a remote section near Rifle, Colorado. The deep shale beds in an old river gorge there are part of Naval Shale Oil Reserve No. 1. The principal bed, containing shale that will yield about 15 gallons of oil per ton, is 500-feet thick. At this rate, one square mile would produce 300 million barrels of oil. Since the reserve holds 50 sections of this formation, the reserve in this main section of the shale-oil zone is approximately 15 billion barrels of oil. This is the equivalent of about two-thirds of the known petroleum reserve in the entire United States.

In addition, the lower 70 feet of the bed contain much richer shales—shales that will yield an average of 29 gallons per ton. At present, this probably is the only shale that can be mined and retorted at reasonable cost. But in this richer measure of Reserve No. 1 are 3.5 billion barrels of recoverable oil. The oil shales in this reserve are, of course, only a small part of the total oil shale in the country.

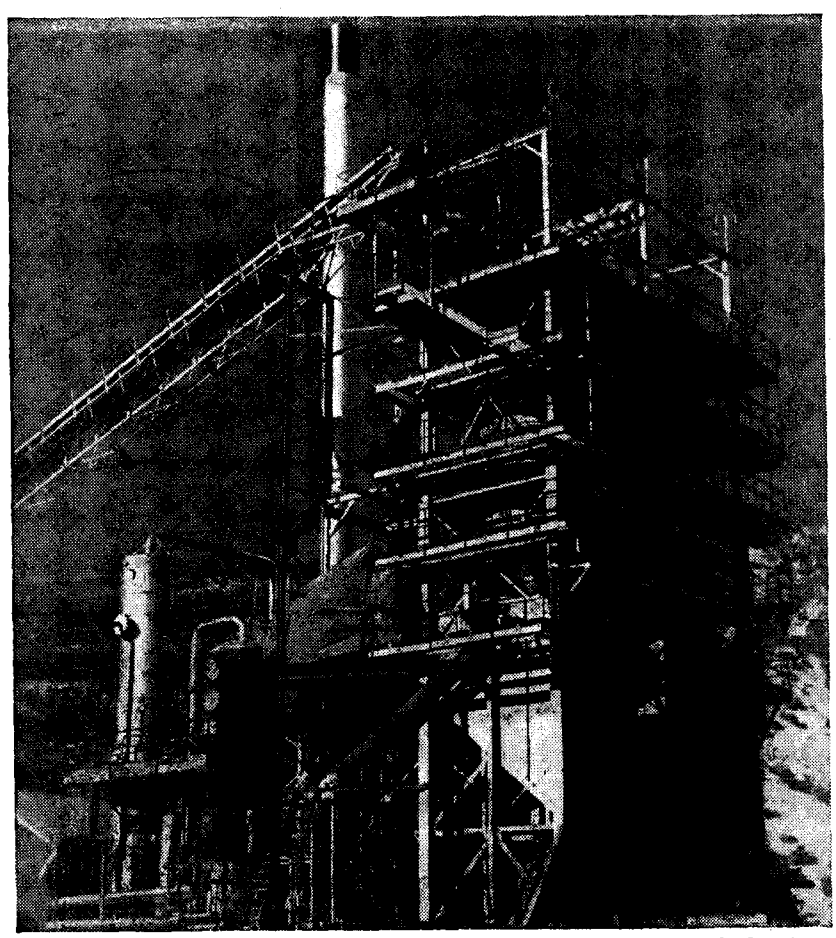
Underground workings have been completed to supply the Rifle retorting plant with selectively mined shale of any richness from 10 to 60 gallons. In order to make a direct determination of mining costs, the department also has opened a second mine which will produce 5,000 tons of shale a day.

This mine, though underground, will be operated like a quarry. A Diesel shovel will be taken underground through its 26-by-18-foot entryways and trucks will drive in and out, picking up and delivering the rock. With such highly modern mining methods, the department believes mining costs can be held to about 50 cents a ton. In view of the vast quantity of shale that must be handled in the operation, only a high degree of mechanization and efficient use of man-hours can reduce costs to a practical possibility.

The basic extracting process is one of heating or retorting the shale to drive out the oil. Many problems, of course, remain to be solved. One of them is that the shale oil contains sulphur and nitrogen. Until satisfactory methods of removing them are found, the product would have to be used primarily as heavy fuel oil.

The Colorado plant, like the Missouri one, is designed to produce 200 barrels a day to test the possibilities of commercial operation. It will turn out oil for $2 to $2.25 a barrel—petroleum costs from $1.80 to about $2.50 a barrel. Again the price differential is narrowing. This plant has recently started operations.

The whole business of obtaining oil from coal and shale is moving along so rapidly that several of the biggest private oil companies have announced plans for building test plants of their own.



Bureau of Mines, Department of the Interior

THE GOVERNMENT'S SHALE-CONVERTING PLANT NEAR RIFLE, COLORADO

Five billion more barrels

MOST research on making oil from natural gas has been done privately. It was so far along that the government did not feel it necessary to lend a hand. Another factor in the government's decision to concentrate its research on coal and shale rather than natural gas was the relatively limited supply of natural gas. The government was looking toward a source that would assure us of an unlimited oil supply.

Our known reserves of natural gas now total about 150 trillion cubic feet. If all of it were used for the produc-

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tion of oil, it would yield about 15 billion barrels. However, it is likely in the normal course of affairs that only about one-third of it would be available for synthetic fuels. That would mean approximately five billion barrels of oil.

Plans for producing gasoline and other products from natural gas are well advanced. One plant with a capacity of six-to-seven-thousand barrels of gasoline a day is scheduled to be built near Brownsville, Texas, in 1949. The Standard Oil Company of Indiana is planning a similar plant for the Hugoton natural-gas field in Kansas. It may possibly be built during 1950.

The greatest importance of natural gas lies in the fact that in an emergency it can be brought into use very fast. At the moment also gasoline can be made from natural gas more cheaply than from coal or shale. If gas can be obtained for four or five cents per thousand cubic feet, it is estimated that gasoline can be made from it for five to nine cents a gallon.

Dollars and years

IN order to pay off, a natural-gas plant must be located on a field with a life of at least 25 years. That would take a reserve of about one trillion cubic feet. These requirements will force natural-gas plants into natural-gas fields that are not now tapped by pipelines, or into new fields that may be discovered in the future.

It would require billions of dollars to construct the plants necessary for the production of enough synthetic fuels from coal, oil shale and natural gas to replace petroleum. And no one expects this to happen overnight. It will take years before all the mass-production bugs are ironed out, and more years before our dwindling domestic reserves advance the price of oil enough to make synthetics a competitive product. But should any national emergency develop, the basic work has already been accomplished and enough learned so that the nation can convert to synthetics with scarcely a fraction of the fumbling or debate that attended the synthetic-rubber industry during the war.

No Good for What Ails You

by Carl Malmberg

Each year the patent-medicine industry gulls America for millions of dollars; only reasonably priced medical care for all can stop it

IN JANUARY, 1947, the government of the United States finally succeeded in convicting and sentencing to jail, a character named Dinshah P. Ghadiali of Malaga, New Jersey, self-styled "S.C.N., M.D., M.E., D.C., Ph.D., LL.D., N.D., D.Opt., D.F.S., D.H.T., D.S.T., metaphysician, psychologist, etc."

The learned Dinshah is the inventor and sole proprietor of a device known as the Spectro-Chrome. The Spectro-Chrome is a box containing a 1,000-watt electric-light bulb which sheds light on the patient through colored-glass panes which fit into the front of the contraption. According to Dinshah, one color will cure cancer, another falling hair, etc.; and there is virtually no human ill that will not respond to the treatment when carried out in accordance with his system of "solar, lunar, terrestrial, radiant and gravitational influences" based on "vibrant breathing phenomena," a regimen which he apparently picked up in India where he claims to have been a college instructor of physics and chemistry at the age of 12. "Satisfied users" of the device testified in court to even greater versatility of the machine. One claimed that it had cured constipation in his dachshund. Another asserted that it had made calving remarkably easy for his cows as long as he took care to have their heads pointing to the north during treatment.

It had taken the government almost 20 years of pursuit to catch up with Dinshah. He had been convicted once before—in 1925—of violation of the Mann Act and had served a stretch in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. Since his release he had succeeded in distributing 9,000 Spectro-Chromes at $90 apiece.

At the trial it was shown that numerous victims of serious diseases had died while undergoing treatment with the Spectro-Chrome. One witness who had supposedly been cured of epilepsy was seized by a severe fit while on the stand, and only the presence of one of the government's medical witnesses prevented him from strangling to death. Dinshah was fined $20,000 and given a suspended prison sentence of three years.

Hamstrung by a woeful lack of funds, short-handed, and contested in

Carl Malmberg, formerly of the US Public Health Service and chief investigator of a Senate subcommittee, is the author of Diet and Die *and the forthcoming* 140 Million Patients.

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CONSUMPTION
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their efforts by advertising and pressure groups, the federal agencies charged with protecting the public health from gulls, sharpies and garden-variety fakers concede that for each Dinshah trapped there are two or three more at large. As a matter of fact, it is relatively easy to find and convict the purveyors of elaborate and fantastic cure-alls: the $2,200 vapor-bath system with ducts running from a generator installed in the basement to a bath cabinet on an upper floor; electric-shock devices selling for as much as $1,500; and a contraption for administering an enema which retails at $1,900. It is more difficult to combat the less clearly fraudulent but equally useless common remedies. Each year Americans spend about a billion dollars for medicines and health gadgets. The US Public Health Service estimates that half a billion dollars of this money is pure waste.

It would be fortunate if the only result of ill advised dosage was the squandering of so much money. The real tragedy lies in the fact that patent medicines and health devices frequently do serious harm to the users. Sometimes, as in the case of those containing potent or toxic drugs, the harm is done by the products themselves. More frequently the damage is caused by misplaced reliance upon "remedies" which in themselves are harmless or relatively so. The graveyards are well populated with those who have tried to cure or relieve serious illness with worthless nostrums instead of rational and effective medical treatment.

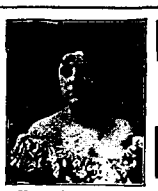
Cheerful lavishness

IT IS axiomatic today that the American people do not get anything like the amount of medical care they need. Yet there is no doubt that they get a great deal more medicine than they need. There is nothing paradoxical about this; self-medication on a large scale is inevitable when many people cannot find or cannot afford a doctor. The patent-medicine industry steps in cheerfully—with lavish radio, press and magazine advertising—where the medical profession fails.

Because of their uselessness most patent medicines would be expensive even at the cheapest prices. Prices of the few useful home remedies are often needlessly high. Aspirin of standard strength and purity can be bought for as little as 14 cents for 100 five-grain tablets, and there is no good reason why it should cost more, as it usually does. All brands of aspirin which meet United States Pharmacopoeia standards are essentially identical, but there are wide variations in prices. Bayer's, for example, costs from three to four times as much as the cheapest but equally effective unadvertised brands.

Brand names add to the cost not only of popular home remedies but also of medicines prescribed by physicians. When a doctor writes a prescription he can refer to a drug either by its standard pharmaceutical name or by a trade-marked brand name. Although in either case the drug will be essentially the same, the cost of having the prescription filled will not be. To illustrate, the following prices of identical products are quoted from a standard druggists' wholesale price list. The pharmaceutical name of each product and its cost per ounce are printed in roman type; *the trade-marked names and costs per ounce of the same products are printed below in italics:*

Aminopyrine	$ .47
Pyramidon	*.81*
Cincophen	.42
Atophan	*2.75*
Neocincophen	1.04
Tolysin	*2.00*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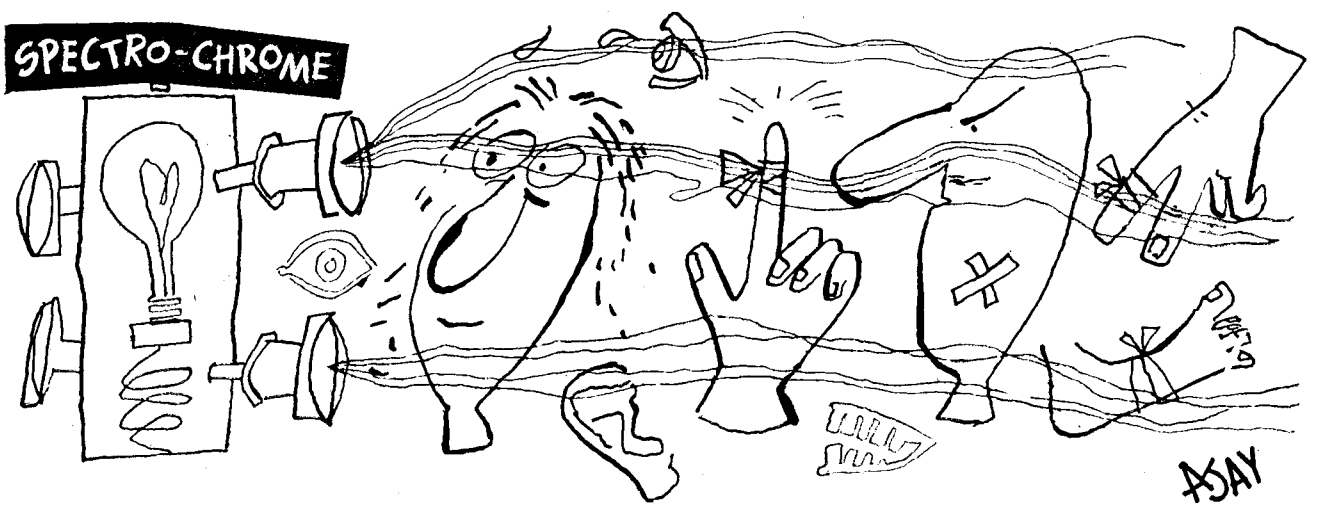

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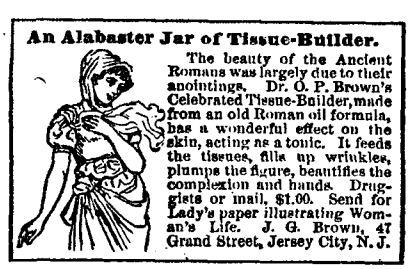
Theobromine sodium salicylate	.30
Diuretin	*1.85*
Sulphonethylmethane	.57
Trional	*1.88*
Hexamethylenamine	.06
Urotropin	*.25*
TOTAL (pharmaceutical name)	$2.86
TOTAL (trade name)	*9.54*

In the case of these six drugs—selected at random—the trade names alone are responsible for more than a 300-percent increase in price.

Unfortunately, many physicians prescribe the more expensive trade-marked products, thus giving the drug houses rather than the patient a break. The only good explanation is that for all their knowledge many physicians are as susceptible to advertising as laymen.

Million-dollar purges

EACH year laxatives take about $97 million of the people's money. All but a small proportion of this expenditure is sheer waste. According to the secretary of the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association, the real need for laxatives "could be measured in thousands of dollars." But advertisements have so indoctrinated the American public with the notion that a regular purge is indispensable that many people consider the frequent use of some form of bowel dynamite an entirely normal procedure. The fact is, habitual use of laxatives, by irritating the intestinal tract and disturbing normal function, probably causes or aggravates more constipation than it cures.


An Alabaster Jar of Tissue-Builder.
The beauty of the Ancient Romans was largely due to their anointings. Dr. O. P. Brown's Celebrated Tissue-Builder, made from an old Roman oil formula, has a wonderful effect on the skin, acting as a tonic. It feeds the tissues, fills up wrinkles, plumps the figure, beautifies the complexion and hands. Druggists or mail, $1.00. Send for Lady's paper illustrating Woman's Life. J. G. Brown, 47 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

In somewhat the same category are nose drops and sprays, on which large sums are also spent. These, too, often aggravate the congestion they are supposed to relieve, because of a secondary reaction which is likely to occur after a period of momentary relief. This reaction and the accompanying congestion usually lead to application of another dose of the drug. Again there is a brief spell of relief followed by still worse congestion, more medication, and so on in a vicious circle.

Of the 40 million pounds of medicinal preparations produced annually in the United States, more than half a million pounds are barbiturates or, as they are popularly called, sleeping pills. Consumption of these nepenthics has risen alarmingly in recent years, and so has the number of deaths following their use. Considering their lethal possibilities and the fact that users may become addicted to them, it is far too easy to buy them in many localities. In some places they are bootlegged, but the most common method of obtaining them for habitual use is through the refilling of physicians' prescriptions. New York City, which has had an average of one barbiturate death about every 45 hours, has recently made it illegal to refill such prescriptions without specific authorization by the physician.

Put down as utter waste all or a large part of the money spent on the following:

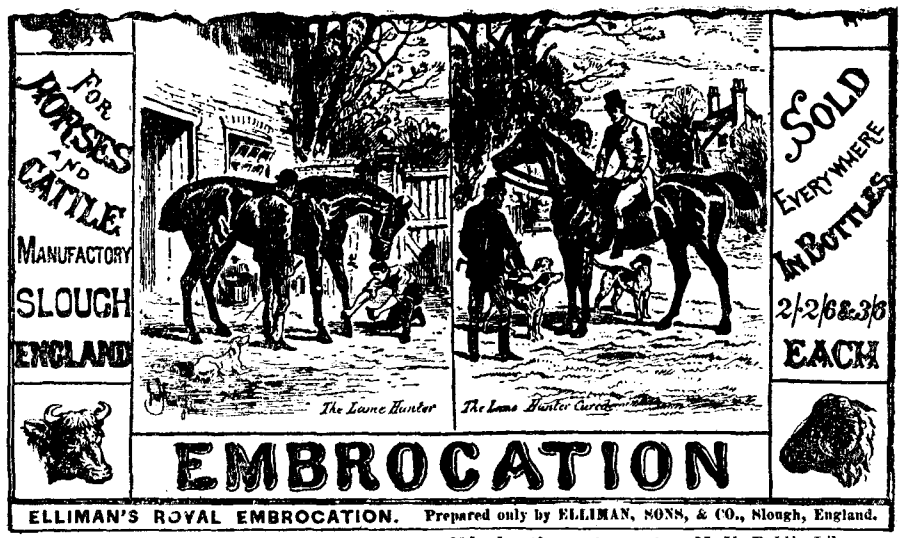
¶ Alkalizers—These are 99-percent humbug. To twist a familiar advertising slogan: Be Wise, Don't Alkalize.

¶ Skin remedies—The "cure" is often worse than the disease. Skin specialists derive a very large part of their income from treating people whose rashes and other skin infections have been aggravated by salves and solutions applied either by the patients themselves or by other physicians.

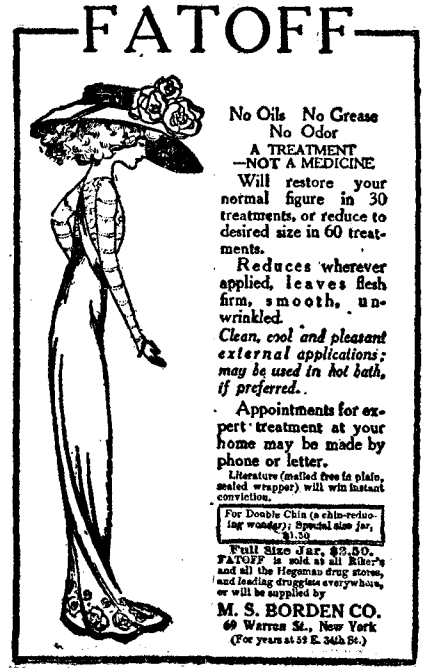
¶ Popular "antiseptics"—Most of these have little significant germicidal effect.

¶ Tonics, blood purifiers, etc.—Even at today's high prices the best and cheapest tonic is good food.

¶ Special "health foods"—These are almost invariably ordinary foods with nothing added but a price markup; bizarre combinations of leaves, weeds, etc., of uncertain effect, if any; or foods perked up with laxative ingredients that are better avoided; occa-



Old advertisements courtesy N. Y. Public Library


FATOFF
No Oils No Grease
No Odor
A TREATMENT
—NOT A MEDICINE
Will restore your normal figure in 30 treatments, or reduce to desired size in 60 treatments.
Reduces wherever applied, leaves flesh firm, smooth, unwrinkled.
Clean, cool and pleasant external applications; may be used in hot bath, if preferred.
Appointments for expert treatment at your home may be made by phone or letter.
Literature (mailed free in plain, sealed wrapper) will win instant conviction.
For Double Chin (a chin-reducing wonder); Special size jar, $1.50
Full Size Jar, $2.50.
FATOFF is sold at all Rike's and all the Hegeman drug stores, and leading druggists everywhere, or will be supplied by
M. S. BORDEN CO.
60 Warren St., New York
(For years at 52 E. 34th St.)

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ARE YOU BILIOUS OR DYSPEPTIC?
TRY THE NATIONAL TONIC,
HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTE
Which Restores Vigor to the Enfeebled System.
The remedial agents combined in its preparation compris
most efficacious extracts of herbs, barks, roots and seed
known to botanical medicine, harmoniously blended
with a purified spirituous basis.
IT AROUSES THE DORMANT FUNCTIONS TO HEALTHY ACT
And Restores the Weak, the Exhausted, and the
Convalescent to Health and Happiness.

sionally some of them contain whole wheat.

¶ Vitamins—Valuable in certain deficiency conditions and as dietary supplements for pregnant women, nursing mothers and young children. But the drug industry has fostered a carnival of quackery in this field with its countless "multiple-vitamin preparations." Medical science is far from certain that the ordinary individual with a normal diet needs any constant dosage with a multiple-vitamin preparation. A deficiency of any one vitamin should certainly be treated by a physician, and not by self-therapy of the bird-shot variety. Excessive dosage of a single vitamin is considered harmful in certain cases. Moreover, considering production costs, practically all vitamins are overpriced.

Medicines are not the only useful health products for which exorbitant prices are charged. The government is now suing the two largest optical-supply companies and some 5,000 physicians for maintaining a system of "kickbacks" by which the companies refund to the doctor a part of the price the patient pays for eyeglasses. Some doctors are alleged to have earned as much as $40,000 in one year from this shady but widespread practice. The cost of such shenanigans cannot be measured in dollars alone. It is believed that there are about 34 million people in the US who need eyeglasses but do not have them because the price is too high. Eye defects were responsible for the rejection of nearly 250,000 men by Selective Service.

An artificial limb costing from $75 to $100 to make will sell for $250 or more. Several firms and individuals in the limb industry have just been convicted after *nolo-contendere* pleas of conspiring to submit identical, non-competitive bids to the Veterans' Administration, which is, of course, the largest customer. Thus, veterans and others whose unusual misfortune places them under a particularly severe economic handicap were to be charged all that a rigged market would bear.

From the consumer's point of view, there is probably not much to be gained from enactment of more stringent food-and-drug laws. The present federal law, passed in 1938, gives a reasonable legal basis for protection against the more flagrant and harmful frauds perpetrated after the 1906 law. Enforcement machinery, however, is woefully inadequate. There are more than 70,000 manufacturers of foods, drugs and cosmetics in the United States. Yet for lack of funds and inspectors, the Food and Drug Administration is not able to exercise more than cursory surveillance over 11,000 of them in any one year. If it is assumed that each manufacturer ought to be subjected to inspection of either plant or output at least once a year, the Food and Drug Administration is set up to do only one-sixth of the job it should be doing. Violators of the law frequently do a lucrative business for years before the authorities catch up with them.

Why Be Fat

When There is a New Home Treatment that Quickly Reduces Weight to Normal

Even when offenders are caught and convicted, the penalties imposed are often trivial. The leniency of the courts is especially difficult to understand since criminal action is usually brought against a violator only after a series of warnings and less drastic civil actions. Criminal actions terminated during the fiscal year 1946 netted a total of only $166,746 in fines, all but 51 of which were for less than $1,000. Prison sentences ranging from one day to nine months were imposed on nine defendants. Five other defendants received suspended sentences.

The chief problem in consumer protection is undoubtedly the difficulty of effectively controlling advertising copy. Such control is under the jurisdiction of the Federal Trade Commission rather than the Food and Drug Administration. This division of authority makes for some confusion as well as skulduggery, but it is not a basic consideration. Under any law which might conceivably be enacted to curb false advertising, it would still be a simple matter for an advertising agency to turn out copy that would satisfy legal requirements and yet succeed in unloading vast quantities of worthless junk upon an uninformed public.

There is only one way of effectively curbing the widespread, costly and harmful traffic in patent medicines and nostrums. That is to make good medical care available to all the people at a price they can afford to pay. That, of course, is why the patent-medicine industry is in the front rank of the opponents to the Administration's national health-insurance bill. Once such a plan is in effect, and efficient care made reasonable for all, their market will all but cease to exist.

Athenstaedt's
COMPOUND TINCTURE OF **IRON**
A Palatable and Aromatic **TONIC**
Strengthens the System and restores
Health, Vigor and Beauty
$1.00 Per Bottle.
For Sale by Druggists Everywhere.
LEHN & FINK, SOLE AGENTS, N.Y.

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Books in Review

Reporters at Large

HOWE & HUMMEL, by Richard H. Rovere (Farrar, Straus and Company; $2.75).

IN the second part of "King Henry VI," Dick the Butcher, an associate of Jack Cade, the early English revolutionary, cries out, "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers!" It is the gory suspicion of Richard H. Rovere, who has a keen and appraising eye for the antics of politicians and legal eagles, that the rebels may have had something there. In *Howe & Hummel,* Rovere investigates the careers of the two eminent shysters who, in the later years of the last century, made the flamboyantly eloquent, jury-bribing, witness-suborning, loophole-finding criminal mouthpiece an American institution. Having a taste for racy characters, the author finds amusement and even an occasional touch of decency in his chosen pair of ornaments of the New York bar, but he leaves little doubt of his impression that, among those more concerned with the ends of justice than with picturesque methods of getting around them, the name of Dick the Butcher, a man of large and advanced ideas, might well be cherished.

The story of the rise and fall of William F. Howe, the vast, bluff, diamond-bedecked barrister, and Abraham F. Hummel, his shrewd, cheerful, stage-struck younger partner, and of their adventures in blackmail and the thwarting of justice, makes lively and entertaining reading, as anyone who came across it as a series in the *New Yorker* called "89 Center Street" will remember. Now published in a somewhat elaborated version as *Howe & Hummel,* it seems slightly skimpy in book form, but it possesses an added interest in bringing up once more the matter of what, despite the bitter protests of its editors and authors, is still known as the *New Yorker* school of writing.

Since it is a "school" which has resulted in, to name just a few things, the short stories of John O'Hara and Irwin Shaw, some of the most characteristic works in prose and pictures of James Thurber, the superb editorials of E. B. White, the savagely brilliant parodies of Wolcott Gibbs and the pictorial horror tales of Charles Addams, as well as, indirectly, such contributions to the theatre as "Pal Joey," "My Sister Eileen" and "Junior Miss," the sensitivity of the magazine on the subject might seem excessive. In the field of reporting, however, the journalistic contributions of such names as Rebecca West, Janet Flanner, Joseph Mitchell, John Hersey, John Bainbridge, Alva Johnston, Daniel Lang, A. J. Liebling and the cause of this contemplation, Richard H. Rovere—again to present only some of the names—have perhaps been notable enough to keep even the sensitive *New Yorker* editors, than whom there are none more sensitive, from objecting to the use of the word "school."

THE only trouble with the exceptional *New Yorker* reporting is that it tends to make those responsible

HOWE

for it forgetful of the advantages they enjoy, and, therefore, a bit smug in their comments on others. For example, A. J. Liebling is certainly one of the finest reporters alive; his war stories were about the ablest journalistic writing to emerge in the war years and his "Wayward Press" columns have the virtue of keeping journeyman reporters on their toes, which is where they obviously belong. Nevertheless, when, to take one example, he made fun of the clichés used by the sports writers, I thought he spoiled a valuable point about their obvious tendency to fall back on familiar phrases by overlooking the difference between the speed at which they must write and the splendid leisure that he enjoys. This is not to say that the sports reporters he mocked would have written any better if they had had all the time they needed; it is merely that Liebling demonstrated a tendency to dismiss loftily the advantage of not being forced to work under too great pressure.

Take, again, the work of Joseph Mitchell, who is one of the most delightful of current American writers. When Mitchell was turning out approximately a story a day for the New York *Herald Tribune* and the *World-Telegram,* he was even then a reporter of exceptional writing attainments but there was no opportunity for the warmth and understanding that he got into his story of Mr. Flood, the fishman. Here was a particularly enchanting work that took virtually a year in the writing: which may be slightly too long for any ex-newspaper reporter to take on a story, at that.

In addition to that of time, there are two other advantages that a *New Yorker* reporter enjoys. They are the opportunity to move from contemporary events to history, and from literal realism to the representational. Rovere's tale of Howe and Hummel is an American chronicle which is both his-

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tory and journalism, while Mitchell's memorable profile of Mr. Flood was nonetheless splendid reporting because it captured the picture of an entire waterfront community in New York by making its hero a composite of several men, given a fresh individuality by the author's creative imagination, and by the telescoping of events, instead of by merely setting down the literal facts. If this manipulation of realistic detail to capture a sort of inner truth and forcefulness had been used in one of Rebecca West's reports of a trial in America or Britain, in Miss Flanner's biography of Pétain, in Hersey's magnificent "Hiroshima," or in one of Rovere's political histories, it would be nothing less than a lie and a cheat, but, done in a piece that is frankly both imaginative and representational, it is brilliantly creative without ever losing its status as reporting.

BECAUSE the chronicle of Howe and Hummel appeared among the Profiles of the magazine and is biographical and journalistic, it is not unfair to compare it to some of its author's other studies of political and legal types. With this in view, I would say that it is characteristic of the combined objectivity, interest in the saltier aspects of human character, and candid moral judgment of Rovere's work, but not as striking or as enlightening as his reports on Peter McGuinness of Greenpoint or Boss Flynn of the Bronx. Nor is it as impressively devastating as his story on Dewey that appeared in *Harper's* in 1944. Rovere, whose interest in politics has come a long way since, as he says, his "aberrant 18 months" as an editor of the *New Masses,* is one of the ablest men in America today at the business of analyzing political figures.

Somehow the *New Yorker* and its school of reporting seem to have a particularly suitable target in Governor Dewey; that is no doubt why the Rovere story which appeared in another magazine still seems to have something of the *New Yorker* school's quality. Henry Luce assuredly became a notable victim for Gibbs's most famous profile, with its "backward ran sentences until reeled the mind"

Illustrations by Reginald Marsh from the book

HUMMEL

and "where it all will end, knows God," but even that was no more devastating than the job he, too, did on the then district attorney of New York County. It is, of course, well known that the magazine's Profiles, unless Mitchell is doing one of some particularly woebegone derelict with his customary warm sympathy, are likely to be sardonic and rather contemptuous; so that the man who is being interviewed for a biography knows in advance that he is in for it. On the whole it can be said that politicians and serious-minded public figures come out of the ordeal worst and the vagabonds and eccentrics emerge most happily. This, indeed, may be one of the most cheering things about *New Yorker* reporting. It doesn't encourage the stuffed shirts and it has a warm place in its heart for the more amiable misfits; it certainly isn't radical, but it can give the reactionaries an expert dressing down; it is often annoyingly supercilious, but it can likewise be perceptive and understanding. Best of all, it not only has a frequent kind of frank honesty which the newspapers too often lack, but it is so professionally skillful that it impresses the journalistic journeymen it tends to despise and serves as a good example for them. I suspect it of being the most forceful influence in American newspaper writing today. RICHARD WATTS JR.

Bedside Masterwork

MASTERWORKS OF SCIENCE, edited by John Warren Knedler Jr. (Doubleday and Company; $4).

HASHING up big things to make little ones is a useful art in the kitchen and a profitable one for publishers. The publisher's recipe is simple. Starting with a collection of, say, 50 books, it requires no more than moderate skill to confect an item ("treasury," "digest," "omnibus," "anthology," "bedside," "fireside" or "weekend" book) which, after a few perfunctory gestures by printer and binder, can be successfully marketed at $3.50 and up. On the bare basis of permutations and combinations, it is easy to see that the variety of potential products is great. The subjects already covered exhaust, as even my superficial researches reveal, all the letters of the alphabet except x and z: for example, adventure, beds (*The Clinophile's Vade Mecum*), cats, dogs, erotica, fairies, ghosts, humor, Ibsen, journalism, etc., etc.

Science is a topic of more recent interest to anthologists. In the last three years I have run across in this field a Treasury, an Autobiography, a volume of Science Fiction and one bargain item of the Frankenstein school embracing both science and the supernatural. Even the more reputable among these numbers, I regret to report, are pretty dull stuff. Still, there is no reason why they must be dull and I keep hoping for something better.

THE present selection called *Masterworks of Science* consists of about a pound and three-quarters of badly printed, grayish paper, atrociously cut, held together with some sort of binding upon which is emblazoned a label of imitation gilt stamping that will fade in due time—say, about three weeks. *Masterworks of Science* is priced at $4, a sum which in Harriet Martineau's day covered the cost of two dozen broiler chickens, but in our time, what with one thing and another, affords a digest of 13 not only great but "key classics."

Among the authors one can enjoy

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for about 30 cents a head are Archimedes, Euclid, Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Dalton, Darwin, Mendel, Curie and Einstein. The editors of the Masterworks Series in their omnibus introduction which serves for this and other Masterworks (History, Autobiography, Government, Economics and Philosophy), extend an earnest invitation to partake of this "world's great heritage of wisdom and achievement . . . this modern presentation of the classics to the modern reader." I deem it only fair to round out their remarks with a few of my own so as to put things in better perspective.

FIRST, I am puzzled as to just what the average reader is supposed to get out of this Masterwork. It does seem pretty clear that whatever it is, it is not likely to be either elucidation or entertainment. At least half the selections are well beyond the reading layman and to include 75 pages of Newton's *Principia* seems to me nonsensical and pretentious. This and some of the other material included can mean nothing to those without prior, and very recent, mathematical training. At St. John's College, Annapolis, where as part of the Adlerian humanism, classes plough through the works of Newton and others here represented, it takes, I am told, an entire year, with the help of a specially qualified instructor, to cover the *Principia*. Gregor Mendel on hybridization, Mendeleyev on the Periodic Law and Einstein on relativity resist the tired after-dinner eye of the most zealous adult self-improver and are almost certain to set him off in search of the evening paper or to the radio. As for the serious student of the history of science, surely this collection will only irritate him. The editors justify their effort on the ground that source volumes are "quite inaccessible." I find, on the contrary, that all but a few are easily come by; several, in fact, in cheap, popular editions.

Second, the selections are simply set forth as if they were episodes of science and the brief comment preceding each selection fails to fit it as a structural element into the history of scientific development. Despite the assurance of the editors that the condensations include "the most significant and influential portion of each book," my impression is that the reader will receive little information from which to gain true understanding and to place the advances in perspective; instead, he will have a handbook of specimens, some of them almost in the nature of curios, each of which is as helpful to the comprehension of scientific thought as 50 pages from *The Book of the Dead* to an understanding of Egyptian culture.

Acknowledging the sincerity of the editors, the appeal of this book is a matter which eludes me. But I repeat that such compendia need not necessarily be either useless or dull. On my shelf I have a little book by Sir William Dampier entitled *Cambridge Readings in the Literature of Science*. It is well printed and bound, runs to 270 pages, has an excellent index, many illustrations, including several fine plates, and it cost, when I acquired it a few years ago, about 90 cents. (During the war I saw copies in London and the price had then gone up to a dollar.) Dampier's book has 35 extracts which (a) do not run too long and (b) have the added advantage that they can be understood by the audience for whom they are intended.

The selections have been skillfully chosen and cut from their source with a scalpel instead of with an axe, so that, like sections of living tissue, they retain their vitality. Dampier has written a lucid introduction for each selection, with the result that each is meaningful in itself and at the same time fits into a coherent account of scientific advance. The Cambridge book is useful as a text and will not only make sense but give much pleasure to the non-scientist like myself, who, while he hasn't had a science course in 20 years, has not yet suffered complete atrophy of the precious sense of curiosity regarding the physical world.

I LAMENT the fact that we have nothing like the Cambridge Reader, certainly nothing within a comparable price range. If a sufficient number of literate adults will join in my lament, publishers may be persuaded to give us a Reader now and then, sandwiched, to be sure, between a respectable array of Masterworks.

JAMES R. NEWMAN

This Happy Land

THE SHAPING OF THE AMERICAN TRADITION, by Louis M. Hacker; documents edited by Louis M. Hacker and Helene S. Zahler (Columbia University Press, 2 volumes; $7.50).

THIRTEEN years ago Henry Steele Commager performed a service to the nation by bringing out his basic *Documents of American History*. Now his Columbia University colleague, Louis M. Hacker, does him one better by bringing out an even bigger collection that includes, besides, a running historical narrative. Leaving aside for the moment Hacker's own exegesis of what happened, both books are source-material presentations of the first order, scholarly in their compass and dramatic in their sweep.

You would think that such collections would duplicate each other. But the engaging thing about them is that they don't. You will no more find the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution contained in Hacker's portfolio than you will find many of Hacker's favorite texts—Freeman Hunt's *Lives of American Merchants*, say, or William Graham Sumner's *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*—excerpted in Commager's. In part, the difference is one of intention. In part, it is one of belief.

Hacker's intention is to get at basic historical American forces and ideas in their formative rather than in their finished state—which explains why he prefers printing key material from the 1787 debates over the adoption of a federal constitution to printing the Constitution itself, or why he offers an eloquent passage from David Lilienthal's own story of the TVA instead of citing the formal language of the Act that solemnized it. Such preferences, the mark of a searching historian, make for vividness and movement. But at this point Hacker's particular specialties and predilections

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enter, inhibiting the range of his choices to the point where he seems to miss almost as much as he recaptures.

His special world is that of economics, and he belongs to it so wholeheartedly that he tends to think American life has been shaped almost exclusively by economic causes. Beginning in this faith as a stout admirer of the property-minded John Locke, of the "realistic" Alexander Hamilton and of the triumphs of American business enterprise, he comes out talking a language almost as deterministic as that of Karl Marx. The net result is that this 1,250-page collection is rich in texts that have to do with material self-interest, but is curiously short on discussions of other aspirations.

It is significant that Hacker's monument to the American past begins on such foundations as King James's proclamation concerning commercial monopolies and John Smith's description of the first attempts to make money in Virginia, while passing over such highly dedicated texts as the Mayflower Compact and the first American protest (1688) against slavery.

Bernard Gillam in Puck *(1882)*

"A GREEN LIGHT TO BUSINESS . . ."

Arguing with anthologists is one of the least profitable of indoor sports, but somehow one can't help expressing wonder as to how a collection as spacious as this managed to by-pass such basic American evidence as Samuel Adams' Circular Letter of 1768, Madison's and Jefferson's anti-Federalist Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions, Andrew Jackson's veto of the Bank bill, Lincoln's first and second inaugural addresses (or his debates with Douglas and the Gettysburg address, for that matter), the Supreme Court's classic defense of civil rights against martial law in *ex-parte Milligan,* Wilson's Peace without Victory or Fourteen Points addresses, Mr. Justice Holmes's championship of free speech in his dissent in the Abrams case, Bartolomeo Vanzetti's statement and the Atlantic Charter.

The difficulty in looking primarily for economic causes as arbiters of all we do and are is that you find yourself overlooking many historic words and deeds that may not have been cast in strictly economic terms themselves, but nevertheless had mighty effects on our economy. Hacker quotes at length from a host of learned authorities ranging from Henry C. Carey on protectionism in the 1830's to Wesley C. Mitchell on business cycles in the 1920's; but he does not seem to think that the Justices of the Supreme Court, for instance, in the course of their legal ponderings have themselves made and unmade economic opportunities in this country, for he quotes none of the central decisions that, through the greater part of a century, gave a green light to business enterprise as against popular surveillance and state restriction; and he omits any mention of that master of economic destiny, John Marshall.

This is a rich and brilliant book nevertheless, with its wealth of words mined from sources as varied as Holinshed's earthy chronicles of Elizabethan life, Nicholas Biddle's rancorous correspondence about Andrew Jackson, Whitman's grandiose *Democratic Vistas* and Paul Y. Anderson's searing description of General MacArthur's battle against the Bonus

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Army. Hacker may be more favorably disposed toward the merchants and gowned mentors and solid folk of our past than he is toward recurrent mavericks and trouble-makers such as the early Levellers, the Jeffersonians, the Jacksonians, the Utopians, the Populists and the insurgent New Dealers, but at least he lets them have their say. It is useless to wish that they had been allowed to say more. For the book covers a vast area, even if it often misses the high ground.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

Ghost Story

A NAME FOR EVIL, by Andrew Lytle (The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.50).

"A NAME FOR EVIL" is a ghost story. A man and his wife plan to renovate a dilapidated old plantation house, but before long the man senses a hostile influence in the place. This

finally appears to him as Major Brent, former owner of the house, who has been dead 75 years. The story is the struggle between the two, man and ghost, for possession of the house.

There are good things in the book. The oppressive atmosphere of the ruined country is appropriate to the events of the story, and the incidents are skillfully disposed to build suspense. But the "horror" is described rather than conveyed, and is not sufficiently associated with the commonplace which would beguile the reader's attention and assist his credulity. It depends too heavily on such assurances as, "There is nothing in the human catalogue of feeling which I can draw on for analogy." At that rate, the inexplicable soon becomes the merely inexpressible.

But I think the real flaw in the story is caused by Lytle's intentions as a novelist. As I make out, they are more serious and complex than are appropriate for this sort of tale. A ghost story must always be something of a tour de force, a contrived machinery for definite and limited effects. Moral evil, if it appears, is part of the machinery, making perhaps for added intensity. But Lytle brings to it the critical attitude of a "serious novelist," and means, apparently, to say more about Life and Death and Ruin than he has given himself occasion for. In the absence of any human motives and action, his implications sound too much like pronouncements in a void.

JOHN FARRELLY

ENTERTAINING FICTION FROM VIKING

UPTON SINCLAIR
gives us the best Lanny Budd novel

His epic novels of our time are "one of the major creative achievements of the twentieth century... Write *Presidential Mission* down as the best of the Lanny Budd thrillers to date...a book that is both a liberal education and an education in liberalism."
—CHARLES LEE, *Philadelphia Bulletin* $3.50

PRESIDENTIAL MISSION

This little pig went to Hollywood...
and stayed to steal the show from a whole galaxy of writers, producers and stars. Bemelmans has captured the very essence of movieland in this caustic yet kindly, funny yet tender novel of Hollywood at work and at play. $2.75

DIRTY EDDIE
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United Nations News

Policing the World

FOR two years now, the UN has been working on long-term security plans. They are of primary importance in a world which is not yet at peace but would like to be. They involve that terrifying triumvirate—atomic energy, disarmament and a world police force. Almost everyone now has opinions on atomic control and disarmament, but the world police force is still something of a mystery.

The Security Council's Military Staff Committee was established in February, 1946, to formulate plans for a permanent military force within the United Nations which would settle a fight wherever one occurred—as prescribed by the Charter. Top military leaders from each of the Big Five sat in closed session day after day debating "basic principles" and revealing little or nothing to a confused public. After 14 months of debate, they submitted a report to the Security Council. The Council hasn't acted on the report but committee discussions continue.

Despite a severe shortage of information on the subject, there are certain facts available. The formation of an international police force is a relatively new idea and no matter what the press says, most experts agree that it couldn't have been completed by 1947 and probably won't be ready by 1949. Some delegates feel that the discussions have been premature. Nevertheless the Big Five are now in agreement on 26 of the 41 articles in the committee report. Most of the differences are relatively minor but there is one which has the committee deadlocked.

It involves the method of contributing to the world forces. The United States, Britain, China and France want the Big Five to make "comparable initial over-all contributions," which means that one country may give 100 planes and one battleship while another gives 200 planes and no battleships. The USSR, however, wants the contributions made "on the principle of equality"—that is, 100 planes and one battleship from each country, with certain deviations permitted.

THE sensible procedure would seem to be the comparative contribution method, since most countries just don't have an adequate supply of all types of military weapons. Actually the importance of the method of contribution depends on the size of the forces. The small countries want a UN force larger than that of any one country, probably scaled down as large-scale disarmament begins. Clearly, under this system it would be physically impossible to demand equal contributions.

But the Big Powers want, and will probably get, a smaller world force—one which won't attempt to settle disputes among the Big Five. Under this system, contributions could conceivably be equal, with certain minor adjustments. In any case, as Alexandre Parodi of France has said, the argument is one of semantics. Is there really such a difference between "comparable contributions, nearing equality" and "equal contributions with deviations toward comparability"? But if the difference is so slight, why won't either side give in?

The Russians won't give in because they are not prepared to commit themselves on the subject of a world police force at this time. They have consistently argued that atomic energy and disarmament are a part of the same problem; they apparently feel that the world police force is a part of world security.

In fact, the separation of the three questions is artificial. They are so closely tied together that no one of them can be solved without the solution of the others. With certain justification, the Russians mistrust our attempts to control atomic production. In view of our universal-military-training program, they must have even less faith in our verbal support of disarmament. Until these real fears of US militarism are removed, the Russians will continue to be "obstructionists."

Nevertheless, eventually there will be a world police force which can be called into action whenever the Security Council decides there has been a breach of the peace. All countries agree that there shall be land, sea, air and armed forces contributed from the best trained units of member nations. Recent discussions among Security

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The publishers believe that McCabe's investigation will help open the eyes of the American public to these conditions. He charges, with what he considers definite evidence, that the Church is using its enormous wealth and voting power to poison the wells of truth and to conceal from the public the facts of history which are at variance with the claims it advances today. The publishers consider that anyone who examines McCabe's evidence will agree that the 14th edition of the Britannica has been used by the Catholic hierarchy for the purposes of propaganda and that the University of Chicago should not sponsor such a work.

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Council members indicate that the world force will be a small one—perhaps smaller than the British suggestion of 1,200 planes, 120 ships and about 12 ground-force divisions (the US estimate was about three times larger). The Big Five would contribute most of the forces and other countries would add to them later. These forces would be equipped and kept at peak efficiency by the nation making the contribution.

WHENEVER the Security Council should request action, the world police force would be assembled in part or in total and would undertake the action, withdrawing as soon as the dispute had been squelched—these forces would have no occupation duties. Member nations would provide facilities and passage rights during active duty (although the Russians are dubious about providing bases as well). Then the forces would be withdrawn to "any territories or waters to which they have legal right of access," according to the majority decision. Russia would prefer that they be withdrawn to the territory of the contributing nation, whenever that would be feasible.

In any case there would be geographical distribution of troops at all times. Member nations would control and command their own forces at all times, but would operate on orders from the Security Council and the Military Staff Committee. They could keep their governments informed of any developments. In other words, there will be very little cession of sovereignty—the world police force could not and would not be used to settle disputes among big powers; only small countries, such as Greece and Indonesia, would surrender some national powers.

The world police force would not be used to halt a major world war but the hope is that, by halting a small war, a world war can be prevented. If the Security Council can succeed in establishing the UN police force, presumably it will, *ipso facto*, have some chance of naming an aggressor nation by a unanimous vote, and taking action against it.

JANE BEDELL

Bandwagon

Protection Costs Money

The Sun Oil Company yesterday announced a rise of 21 cents a barrel in the price of heavy-fuel oil. . . . The rise was described as a move to protect customers "against the added competition of those who might be tempted to convert from coal to oil on the basis of sheer economics." – *From the Philadelphia* Inquirer.

Dispensation

See "A YANK IN ROME"
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– *From an advertisement in the Chicago* Sun.

Sticking Out the Neck

The shrimps are French fried and served with a secret tawny sauce that defies investigation, although I would swear it has some salt in it. – *From Blair Chotzinoff's column in the New York* Post.

Kindness in a Corner

A Negro dentist in Louisville has gone to court seeking to compel the city to throw open all the city's parks to Negroes. This involves more than his contention for justice; it involves the public order. He and others are shortsighted indeed not to know that segregation is a kindness. – *From an editorial in the Alabama* Journal.

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William Faulkner's ghostwriter writes about William Faulkner in the Summer Issue of

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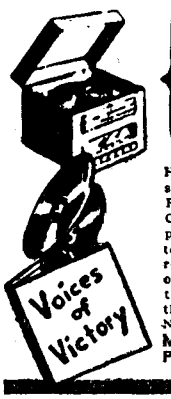

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Farm

An Aggressive Defense

NOT long ago Kyril Thomas, a peach farmer of Vineland, New Jersey, sold a truckload of half-bushel baskets of peaches for 90 cents a basket. He then got into his car and followed the truck to New York, where he saw the peaches offered for $2 a basket. When he protested, the purchasers laughed at him.

A week later I heard Thomas tell his story at a meeting of the newly organized Farmers' Union local in Vineland. About 60 farmers attended. All were angry and Thomas was perhaps the angriest of all. He shouted at Alvan Severson, New Jersey State Department of Agriculture man: "What in the name of God is the state of New Jersey, the state of New York and the United States government doing to protect farmers trying to make an honest living?

"I paid 11 cents a basket for transportation, 10 cents for commission, 20 cents for wrapping and tops, and other expenses bring the total up to 43 cents a basket. Besides that, I pay $1 an hour for labor, buy fertilizer and have many other expenses. Ninety cents doesn't even give me cost of production. Yet these people who haven't got a nickel invested, who haven't raised their little finger in the production of these peaches, come down here and by spending three or four dollars for gasoline, clean up hundreds of dollars on a single truckload."

Many of the farmers have actually been plowing up their crops. Half of this season's entire lettuce crop in south Jersey was plowed up and almost the entire beet crop was destroyed. Farmer Goidosh told me he had plowed up 14 acres of pickles (cucumbers). Farmer TiManno said he had plowed up enough beets to fill 500 crates; another farmer plowed up 10 acres of squash; another five acres of beans, and so on.

The farmers are frantic. They know the city prices and when they read reports in big-city newspapers that their crops were plowed up to make good fertilizer, they are ready to fight.

THESE farmers are doing what other people do when they try to better their conditions: they are organizing. Already one Farmers' Union local has been established in Vineland and a number of others will soon be in operation. Ed Yeomans, secretary of the eastern division of the Farmers' Union, told me that the plans were to organize farmers around each of the 11 south Jersey auctions. Probably six or seven hundred farmers patronize each auction. The immediate objectives are: (1) to develop coöperative grading and packing; (2) to obtain better prices through coöperative action; and (3) to work with consumer organizations in cities to improve distribution and reduce excessive price spreads.

Coöperation with consumer groups is an important part of the plan to raise prices for the farmer and at the same time lower prices in the city. The people I talked to felt that if the interests of the consumers were not protected, coöperative marketing would ultimately fail.

A good beginning along this line has been made by the Consumer-Farmer Milk Coöperative, established in 1938. It serves more than 20,000 consumers and 400 farmers, and in May declared dividends of $25,249 in addi-

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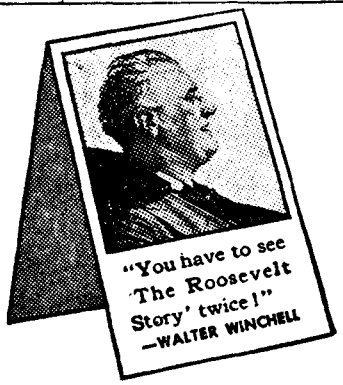

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tion to giving the farmers the highest prevailing prices and the consumer the lowest prevailing prices.

This organization is the only one of its kind in the country, as far as I can discover, and might well be used as a model. On each paper container of milk the coöperative sells is a coupon which the housewife cuts out and saves. When she collects a dollar's worth or more she mails them in or turns them in to the retail outlet or milk depot. Then the coöperative mails her a check.

When I asked the president, Meyer Parodneck, if housewives didn't object to saving coupons, he said they did not mind at all, but added that some who were interested in the Rochdale principles threw away their coupons, thus in effect donating their patronage dividends. That is the way the coöperative obtains capital.

Other groups are also working to eliminate the middlemen. Sol Chalek, who spoke at the Vineland meeting, has organized 200 independent retailers and has recently opened a $300,000 warehouse in New York City. He buys canned goods, eggs and frozen fruit coöperatively. He went to Vineland to tell the assembled farmers that his organization would like to deal with them. "We men who work behind the counter," said Chalek, "are not making these profits and forcing your prices down below the cost of production. It is the middlemen who are making fantastic profits. There are usually three and sometimes as many as five middlemen between us and the men who till the soil, and each one of them takes a big slice. You farmers organize and we will deal directly with you so that we can lower our prices to the consumer, whose buying power is getting less every day."

EVERYONE I talked to in New York and New Jersey seemed to think that there was a conspiracy among the buyers to keep prices down for the farmer and up for the consumer, but all agreed that it would be difficult to prove. Meyer Parodneck said: "These buyers who come down and buy farmers' stuff don't have to confer together. They don't even have to

MOTION PICTURES

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86th ST.
58th ST. Bet. Lex. & 3rd
HAMILTON
125th ST.
REGENT
23rd ST.
BRONX
CASTLE HILL
CHESTER
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wink. They can just look at each other when they want to set the price of tomatoes at two cents a pound. Then after they buy the tomatoes they go out and drink beer together."

ANGUS McDONALD

Correspondence

Gellhorn Stands Corrected

SIR: "An Odd, Restless, Beautiful Country," by Martha Gellhorn, August 4, issue *New Republic;* deserves comment and criticism. With her inborn narrow colloquial prejudice against the South with referance to our relations or as she preferes "treatment of the poor Southern Negro" she could well have written this article without traveling further than the corner Drug Store; it would seem that travel did not aid her perspective; she would have you believe that the Southern Negro's go around with a long face and never crack a smile because of the intolarable condescension required by the Whites.... When we white folks worry when and how we are going to make ends meet for our selves say nothing of looking after the negro's births, sickness and death in addition to his commiting an overt act any where from a petty crime to cutting another negro's throat for which he looks to us for the lawyer and to pay the fine and all other things connected therewith except serve the sentance; for this we spend many a wakeful moment but for the negro when he worries he goes to sleep. When I read about the anxiety of one of our northern friends over the plight of the Southern Negro I think of what one of my orange grove negro's said "If a White Man could be a Negro just one Saturday night he would never want to be white again." Martha Gellhorn's paragraph on education and our lack of the study of grammer and our difficulty of speaking the English language I hope that it is at least comparable to that jargon of so called English spoken in the vicinity where the *New Republic* is published

As a Liberal Democrat yes as a fervent supporter of the New Deal I feel inclined to advise that it is not helping our cause to puplish some of the drivel about race conditions in the south there are plenty of other problems and as far as the Southern Negro is concerned he knows too well we whites will look after him. Sincerely,

GEORGE I. FULLERTON,
Attorney at Law
New Smyrna Beach, Florida

Radio

A Week's Work

During the several weeks that Saul Carson is on vacation, his radio section will be written by guest columnists expert in various branches of the industry. The guest this week is Milton Berle.

THERE is an allure to stepping out on a vaudeville stage or a night-club floor and listening to people laugh. Laughter is tonic for the comedian's soul. But if I had to choose any one medium for my persiflage, I would choose radio.

Somehow as I stand in front of the NBC microphones every Tuesday night and realize that millions of people, I hope, are tuned in to our cornshucking sessions, I feel good. The realization that somewhere some shut-in may be relaxing over our efforts is more than compensation for the chuckles you have to take on trust.

Since we went on the air last March, no week has passed without gifts coming in from listeners over the country. From a Macon, Georgia, woman, I receive a basket of garden-ripe peaches every two weeks. A girl in Sante Fe, New Mexico, knits regularly for our young romantic baritone, the recent Brazilian importations, Dick Farney. Orchestra leader

MILTON BERLE

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Ray Bloch, has practically a museum composed of miniature lucite instruments carved by a group in Boston.

MOST radio shows, at least mine, consume a full week's time and involve the labor of roughly 150 people in four unions. These groups include everybody from the stenographers who type the scripts to the boy at the door who collects the tickets.

No sooner do we complete the repeat program, broadcast from New York's Radio City at 11:30 p.m. and heard in California at 8:30 p.m., than we start work on next Tuesday night's show. A little after midnight, we—which means producer Paul Munroe, writers Nate Hiken and Aaron Rubin, and I—get together to listen to a recording of the show. It is at these sessions that we discover our mistakes and try not to repeat them.

Wednesday morning, Hiken and Rubin begin to pound the keys and string those funny words and gags together. Thursday night and Friday morning everybody connected with the program meets and tries on the script for size.

Then comes the job of finding suitable actors and "comedy voices" to fill the roles. While Arnold Stang, Pert Kelton and Mary Schipp are program regulars, there are always four or five parts to cast each week. And it's a difficult task, for the actor or actress must have that comedy "something" of voice right from the start or we can't use them. There is no time to train them.

AFTER all this, there are arduous hours of rehearsal which last through the weekend, all day Monday and until the first program is finished on Tuesday. The only food we get is sandwiches and coffee brought into the studio.

I wouldn't change it for the world, though, for with all the work, it's still fun. People ask me whether I intend making any more pictures, night-club or stage and vaudeville appearances. The answer is yes, though sporadically. For the greater part, I'm going to concentrate on radio.

MILTON BERLE

Had more than enough?

SOME rather strange things have been happening in the United States . . . reminiscent of the World War I post-war period. An 80th Congress that suffered fear and postponed social legislation until '48. The Taft-Hartley Act. Higher rents, profits and prices that are still soaring. And now an eleven million "loyalty" check to be made on Government employees. Who can now tell what will happen to us NEXT?

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Movies

The Roosevelt Story

IT CAN be said categorically that the greatest film of the year is "The Roosevelt Story," but it must be added at once that no thanks for this achievement are due its editors, writers or producers. Whatever could be done to sentimentalize the story, whatever banality could be introduced, these fabricators have seized upon. Fortunately for us, the genius of Roosevelt is intractable and it was beyond their power to diminish him.

This film—its running time is about an hour and a quarter—is a selection from the probably bewildering files of newsreel footage, with interpolated sections of mood sequence (a CCC boy felling a tree, a jobless couple staring out over a bridge railing, the sluices opening on a TVA dam, a GI walking up a French village street with the comic, minuet gait of a man expecting to be killed) and with some brief passages that seem to have been taken from the family album. There is nothing wrong with the archives.

The editors of "The Roosevelt Story" (the film was produced by Martin Levine and Oliver Unger from a script written by Lawrence M. Klee; Elliott Roosevelt served as editorial adviser) have pieced Roosevelt's life together from the afternoon of his marriage to the day of his funeral procession, and the record is remarkably complete. The early passages, with their daguerreotype quality and the youthful faces we have come to know in their maturity, are charming. The middle section brings up faces—McAdoo, Wilson, Garner, Chief Justice Holmes, Al Smith, Mayor Cermak, Will Rogers—that put many of us back into the frame of our growing up. In the last section, the face is almost entirely Roosevelt's and the change that comes over it is the human tragedy of the story.

But if the documents of this picture are superb, the execution is deplorable. The commentary is delivered by a narrator who identifies himself as a taxi driver and who forces upon us his personal sense of loss. There is nothing implausible in the suggestion that a cab driver should have loved Roosevelt, nor is it impossible that he should have understood the springs of

"THEY NOW INCLUDE MY LITTLE DOG, FALA"

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the man's convictions. But there is something false and sentimental in viewing Roosevelt's pilgrimage through such particular eyes. If there had to be a commentary—and the film has much too much—the words should have been impersonal. As it is, we are told that Roosevelt was a great guy, that he came from Hyde Park and Groton and Harvard and still loved little people, that he suffered a personal tragedy that would have crushed a lesser man, that he was dedicated to humanity and despised tyranny, that in dying he left us a creed and a hope we ignore at our peril, that, finally, he never died but lives on in the hearts of his people. All this is unnecessary, for the newsreel cuts themselves tell it.

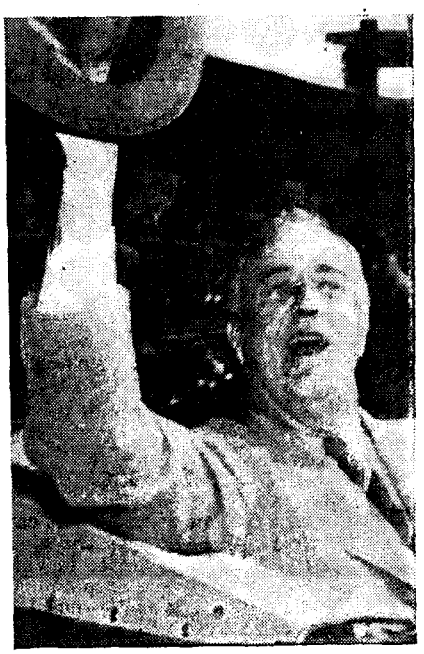
THROUGHOUT, the producers of the film seem to underestimate the dramatic power and human appeal of their material, and to introduce cinema tricks in a wholly gratuitous effort to bolster it. The opening shot is a blurred pattern of stars that moves slowly from the observer and comes into focus as the flag-draped coffin on its gun caisson. When infantile paralysis strikes, a solemn voice tells us of the struggle with despair, while rain streams down a leaden window and the impact of Roosevelt's first appearance on crutches is effectively destroyed. These are appeals to pathos, and Roosevelt should not be recalled through tears. "The voice of opposition" delivers its obvious and overloaded hatred as though in an empty hall or from the bottom of a well.

The scenes themselves are, of course, tremendous. It would, I should think, be impossible to sit unmoved through the moments when Roosevelt tells us that we have nothing to fear but fear itself, when he marks Pearl Harbor as a day that shall live in infamy, or when, with a face that struggles to keep straight, he describes the sufferings of his Scottie, Fala, under the slanders of the Republican opposition. These—and the reference to a stab in the back, the meeting with Churchill in the North Atlantic, the apology to Congress (at his final meeting with them) for speaking from his chair—were not only moments of high history. They were examples of a magnificent public performer practising the art he loved. The voice, too, is still there, with its cultivated but sinewy intonations, its humor and indignation and solemn promise, cadenced so artfully to the microphone that, though no one has approached his delivery, a whole generation of radio speakers has been influenced by it. There is in part of these speeches the poignancy of our lost innocence; in part of them a challenge and a warning of our future. It is frightening that so soon the ambitions, directions and convictions of Roosevelt seem the concept of a much simpler era, and it is appalling that his warnings have gone unheeded.

A fault of the picture which it is perhaps unfair to raise is the atmosphere of infallibility it evokes. It is unfair because in the nature of things newsreel cameras do not catch Presidents making mistakes. But here another kind of commentary might have helped. There are shadowy figures around Roosevelt; brief, evocative flashes in some of the cuttings, and their implications could have been recalled. The script says once that no man is perfect, but it says it without conviction. There would have been no irreverence in dwelling a little on some of Roosevelt's errors, and it would have given more substance to the man. Americans have a disposition to turn their heroes into idols, and in Roosevelt's case the change seems to be taking place rapidly.

THE WHITE HOUSE, over the years, seems to have housed some great showmen. Jackson and Grant, Teddy Roosevelt and, of course, Lincoln come immediately to mind. In the generations to come, actors will be tempted by the Roosevelt role, but as long as this record remains they will hesitate. At least, there is no actor living today who could beat Roosevelt at his own game. "The Roosevelt Story" is, because it could not fail to be, the portrait of a great man in action. But a portrait, withal, set in a shoddy frame. Roosevelt, with all the sins his enemies attributed to him, does not deserve the punishment of vulgarization.

ROBERT L. HATCH



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Let's Wake Up Rip Van Winkle!

Millions of bushels of food may rot in our fields this harvest time, instead of being available to the world's markets—because we are short of freight cars. Here is a way that thousands of cars can be freed for service in a hurry.

ARE you interested in the price of food? Does it give you a twinge to see those pictures of mountains of wheat piled on the ground and potatoes going to rot—when there's a desperate world food crisis?

The bottle-neck is our freight-car shortage. But thousands of cars could be freed by a single decision—if old-line railroad managements would act.

Don't Blame the War!

This is hard to believe, but it's true: we have today only three-fourths as many freight cars in our country as we had twenty years ago. This shrunken fleet is now called on to handle the greatest peacetime traffic in history. And the war itself is not to blame for the shortage—for in no single year from 1925 to the start of hostilities did the railroad industry buy as many cars as it junked. Twenty years is a long time for even Rip Van Winkle to sleep!

What Can Be Done?

There is at least one remedy that can be applied at once—despite the steel shortage and other difficulties in car-building. This remedy requires no new equipment, no period of time—nothing but an act of management:

Lift what appear to be agreements between railroads that deliberately slow down freight trains!

Here is an example. There are eight important routes by which you can ship "fast" freight from California to Chicago. These routes vary in length as much as 450 miles. But, curiously, the time schedule for each of the eight is exactly 118 hours—and 30 minutes!

Similarly, scheduled freight trains moving west over the important routes from Chicago to the Coast areas, despite great differences in terrain and mileage, take exactly 130 hours—on the nose!

Is This Free Competition?

Could it be that these schedules are fixed by agreement? That the trains which could be fastest are held back for the slowest—so that no road can have even the slightest competitive advantage?

Railroad men know that, in many instances, a whole day could be cut off these schedules between California and Chicago—if managements would simply order it. If that were done, on these roads and on others, it would ease the national car shortage at once!

There is good reason to believe that by lifting deliberate freight slow-downs, on the roads that still practice them, *we could provide more cars this summer and fall than our shops can possibly build.* And every car is desperately needed!

Are old-line managements asleep in the dell while many freight trains creep at a snail's pace—by agreement?

A Call For Action!

The next few weeks will be the critical ones in our food problem. Our wheat crop is estimated to exceed any previous record by 300 million bushels. *It is even now being piled in the fields—for want of cars.*

If you feel as strongly about this as the C&O does, write to your newspaper and your congressman.

Ask them to stir up Rip Van Winkle—and tell him that time is short. Demand that our trains be scheduled not merely to suit the private deals of the railroads, but so that we can make the best use, for the whole public, of our depleted stock of freight cars!

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

Terminal Tower, Cleveland 1, Ohio

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